

# THE ZODIAC.



DEVOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

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[For the Zodiac.]

*Verses to some Young Ladies, who in one of their daily walks, planted a tree to Friendship, by Doctor Alexander Murray, late Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Edinburgh.*

Sweet plant! may winds and waters tend,  
And long each guardian power defend,  
Thy infant head, to Friendship dear,  
To blossom many a rolling year.

No favor'd oak that meets the skies,  
Although his thousand branches rise,  
To darken forests with their frown,  
A prouder birth than thine has known.

Four sister Loves, with mingling grace,  
While Friendship ruled each angel face,  
Combin'd their hands thy stem to rear,  
And dew'd thy cradle with a tear.

O, by the bloom, the bloom of youth,  
A pledge of childhood faith and truth,  
Of joys with youth that haste away,  
To ages yet unborn, display—

Array'd in glorious evergreen,  
Tell the far distant rising scene,  
That swims on Nature's closing eye,  
"The plant of Friendship shall not die."

Though hearts that love may cease to glow,  
And every voice be hush'd and low,  
And every cheek be cold and pale,  
That warm'd to hear thy tender tale,

Yet still, methinks, the mutual prayer,  
Of faithful breasts thy boughs shall share,  
The woodman's heart thy trunk revere,  
If e'er his bosom friend was dear.

The youthful sun shall partial seem,  
To kiss thee with his morning beam,  
Thy blushing top shall last display,  
The sweetness of his parting ray.

In rosy May, the woodland throng  
Shall soothe thee with their vernal song,  
While raptures thrill each little wing,  
That fans the Paradise of spring.

The star of eve shall bounteous shed  
Her tears of love to bathe thy head,  
Though early nurs'd with holier dew,  
Than evening's altar ever knew.



JANUARY.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell:  
And blow his nayles to warm them if he may;  
For they were numb'd with holding all the day  
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,  
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;  
Upon a huge great earth-pot steane he stood,  
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the  
Romane flood. *Spenser.*

This is the coldest month of the year at Albany. The mean temperature, as deduced from the observations of twenty years, is  $23^{\circ}626$ . The highest observed temperature was  $60^{\circ}$ , and the lowest  $-23^{\circ}$ ; giving the extreme monthly range  $83^{\circ}$ .—The average amount of snow falling during the month, is (when melted and measured in the rain gage,) 3.111 inches.

[For the Zodiac.]

LAND SLIDES.

The late melancholy catastrophe at Troy, N. Y. by which several lives were lost, may render a slight description of some similar facts, and their causes, a matter of some interest to the community.

Many local changes on the surface of the earth, from the sliding of parts of hills or mountains into the valleys, have occurred, and examples of such phenomena are frequently attracting attention.—Such facts are often made public when they have been attended by the destruction of life, or property; but thousands of such occurrences have taken place, as geological observations attest, which were either unknown, or of which no record has been preserved.

Land slides are the effect of one or several causes, acting conjointly;

1st. The action of water on soft crumbling or disintegrating strata, so as to undermine cliffs and leave them without sufficient support.

2d. Hydrostatic pressure of water in fissures.

3d. Hydrostatic pressure, and water rendering inclined beds slippery.

4th. Springs converting sands into quicksands, so that large masses flow from the cliffs and hills.

5th. The action of frost expanding the water as it freezes.

High cliffs of clay and sand on the sea shore and banks of rivers, which are undermined by water or by human labor, often crack at some distance from their edges, and stand upon comparatively narrow bases. If water filter into one of these fissures, its hydrostatic pressure is frequently sufficient to burst off the mass, and if the surface upon which it falls be inclined, it slides and tumbles to a greater or less distance, according to the nature of the materials forming it, and the quantity of water gushing out at the time of the slide.

The masses of earth or rock where the strata are inclined, are often raised by the hydrostatic pressure of water in the fissures of the strata seams, so that they slide off to a lower level. If, in such inclined strata, one of the beds be clay, the water renders it slippery, and the superincumbent mass slides off, unless it be supported. On some clay beds where slides have occurred, the angle of inclination is almost inappreciable to the eye.

Many examples of slides from this cause might be adduced, as having occurred on our coast. In consequence of the sea washing away the base of the cliffs, large masses slip off and sometimes slide into the sea. The washing away of the base of the cliffs, conjointly with land springs, which in some localities convert the beds of sand into a quick sand, causes the mass of superimposed materials to flow off from the slippery clay beds, forming deep sinuous ravines which penetrate into the cliffs some distance from the shore.

Frost expands water in freezing, and causes the earth and rocks to crack, often bursting off huge masses from the mountain sides. If the sides of mountains be very steep and composed of loose materials over rocky but not very uneven surfaces masses of matter falling upon them will sometimes communicate sufficient momentum to cause slides, which may be narrow at their commence-



ment, but go on widening, until vast masses of materials rush onward, bearing along, overturning and burying up every thing in their course.

Land slips frequently block up rivers and streams in valleys, so as to cause lakes; and these sometimes bursting their boundaries, produce the most devastating effects.

#### EXAMPLES OF LAND SLIDES.

##### White Mountains.

Several slides occurred on the White Mountains in August, 1826, in consequence of a very heavy fall of rain. They commenced narrow, and gradually widened and deepened as they descended, sweeping the forests, and large masses of rock before them, so as to leave deep gullies. One of these slides was three miles in length, with an average breadth of one quarter mile, laying the rocks bare in its course. It was composed of water, mud, rocks, stones and trees, forming a semi-fluid moving mass, which in some places excavated the road 20 feet in depth, and in others covered it as many feet with the moving materials.

A family of nine persons occupied a house in a gorge of the mountains, along which the mass took its route. They were six miles from any other habitation. One of the heaviest slides came rushing towards the house in the most impetuous manner, but divided within a few feet of it, leaving it untouched, while the avalanche destroyed all the out buildings, cattle, horses, and killed every member of the family. Seeing the approaching mass, they fled from the house and were destroyed; when, had they remained, they would have escaped so sudden and dreadful a death.—*Silliman's Journal*.

##### Land slip at Champlain, Lower Canada.

On the 28th of August, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the inhabitants of the village of Hayolle, in the parish of Champlain, L. C. were alarmed by a tract of land, containing a superficies of 207 arpents, or acres, suddenly sliding 360 yards, and precipitating itself into the Champlain river, which it dammed up for 1,300 yards. In its progress, houses, barns, trees, and whatever lay in its course, were overwhelmed. The catastrophe was accompanied by an appalling sound, and a dense vapor which filled the atmosphere, oppressing those who witnessed this phenomenon almost to suffocation. A man who was on the ground at the time, was removed with it to a considerable distance, and buried to the neck, but was extricated from his perilous situation without having sustained serious injury.—*Boston Journal of Science*, vol. i. p. 301.

##### Dent du Midi.

M. Lardy has described the fall of a part of the Dent du Midi, one of the high Alps, which took place on the 26th August, 1835. On the 25th, there was a violent storm all around the mountain, which was often struck by lightning. On the 26th, a large portion of the peak broke off from the east edge, and fell with a dreadful crash upon the Glacier on the southern side of the mountain, and in its descent drew along with it an immense portion of this glacier. This enormous mass of mixed stone and ice, fell into a deep ravine, through which the torrent of St. Barthelemy flows. A mass, as it were a mountain, of black viscid mire speedily flowed from the gorge of the ravine, and bore on its surface large blocks of solid rock.—This semi-liquid matter crossed the valley towards the Rhone like a flow of lava, crushing and bearing away a forest of pines in its course. The Rhone was temporarily dammed up. The road became impassable, and a new one was constructed

across the tremulous mire with fascines and fagots. It was a frightful scene to behold, a deep valley thus filled up with flowing, frozen mud and mire, floating enormous rocks upon its surface, and which contained scarce any water except in a frozen state.—*Ed. Phil. Journal*, 1836, p. 372.

In 1772, the mountain of Piz fell into the adjacent valley, and three villages, with their entire population, were buried in the ruins. This occurred in the district of Treviso, in the state of Venice.—*Lyell's Geol.* ii. p. 235, 2d ed.

Bagne, in the valley of Bagne, was destroyed by the fall of part of a mountain, in 1545.

A slide of the Rossberg, in Switzerland, occurred in 1806, which buried several villages and many scattered houses. 800 persons were destroyed by this catastrophe.—*Id.*

##### Diablerets.

A similar event took place in the same country, by the fall of a bed of stones and rock 90 feet thick, which destroyed several hundred cottages, and buried 18 persons, with many cows, goats and sheep, beneath this mass of rubbish, which had slid from summits of the Diablerets.—*Id.*

Near Servos, on the road to Chamouny, a part of a mountain fell down in 1751. The falls were not all simultaneous, but continued several days, the atmosphere being filled with volumes of clouds of black dust rolling up from the tumbling masses. These clouds of dust extended more than 20 miles.—*Bakewell's Geology*, p. 318.

In the Swiss Alps, the great slides (or eboulements, as they are called) caused by water undermining the inclined beds of sand stones, and loose conglomerate, have been frequent, and have buried whole villages with all their inhabitants.—*Bakewell's Geology*, p. 319.

##### Pleurs buried.

On the 26th August, 1618, an inhabitant entered the town of Pleurs, and told the people that the mountains were cleaving, but was ridiculed for his pains. In the evening the mountain fell, and buried the whole town, with its noble palaces, and all its inhabitants, 2,430 in number; and it is said that the person who informed them of their danger, was the only individual who escaped this dreadful catastrophe.—*Lyell's Geology*.

##### Terra-nuova.

From each side of the deep valley of Terra-nuova, near Rome, large masses of earth cracked off and slid into the valley, so as to dam up the river, and cause the formation of several large lakes. Oaks, olive trees, vineyards and corn, were seen growing at the bottom of the ravine, as luxuriantly as their companions in the fields from which they had been separated. They had slid  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a mile and sunk 500 feet. In one part of the ravine was an enormous mass 200 feet high, and 400 in diameter at its base, which had travelled down the ravine nearly 4 miles.—*Lyell's Geol.* i. p. 488.

##### Buildings transported entire.

Near Seminara, an extensive olive ground and orchard were hurled to a distance of 200 feet into a valley 60 feet deep. A deep chasm was formed in another part of the high plateau, from which the orchard had been detached, and the river immediately flowed into this fissure, leaving its former bed completely dry. A small inhabited house, standing on the sliding mass, was transported along with it entire, and without injury to the inhabitants. The olive trees continued to grow on the land which had slid into the valley, and bore the same year an abundant crop of fruit.—*Lyell's Geol.* i. p. 490.

Two tracts of land, on which a part of the town of Polistena stood, consisting of some hundreds of houses, were detached into a contiguous ravine, and slid nearly across it, about half a mile from their original site; and what is most extraordinary, several of the inhabitants were dug out alive, unhurt by the mass of ruins.—*Lyell's Geol.* p. 491.

Two tenements, near Mileto, with a tract of land about a mile long and half a mile broad, were carried down a valley about one mile. The surface removed had long been undermined by rivulets. The clay beds of the adjacent hills had been rendered slippery by water percolating through fissures, created by earthquakes.—*Lyell's Geol.* i. p. 491.

##### Fall of Mount Grenier.

The present state of this mountain, south of Chambery, with the ruins scattered over the plain, offers a fine illustration of the phenomena of land slides and falls. The mountain is elevated 4,000 feet above the plain, and is capped with a mass of limestone, rising like a wall 600 feet high. The strata below the limestone are soft and easily acted on by water; and besides, the layers of the rock incline a little outwards from the mountain. In consequence of the action of the water on these soft strata, a part of the mountain has cracked off, forming a rent 2000 feet deep. This huge mass hangs ready to fall and overwhelm the adjacent plains. A catastrophe similar to that now threatened, occurred in 1248, by a fall of a part of this mountain, which fell with a tremendous crash, spreading far and wide over the plain, and covering five parishes and the town of St. Andre so deep beneath the rubbish, that nothing but a single bronze statue has ever been found. The ruins spread over an area of nine square miles, and notwithstanding a lapse of several centuries, the place still presents a labyrinth of small hills, formed of the enormous pieces of rock which had slid from the height above, and assumed every variety of position on the plain below.—*Bakewell's Geology*.

The expansion of water, as it freezes in the fissures of rocks and cliffs, acts with irresistible force, detaching large blocks, which are daily falling in the winter and spring. In Greenland, the noise of such falls is said to resemble thunder.

Every one who has lived in a mountainous region, where high cliffs were near, must often have heard, if not seen, the enormous masses of rock tumbling and thundering down the mountain side, crushing and bearing down every thing in their path. In the winter of 1834, a large mass was burst off from a high cliff near West Point, by the frost, and fell with a report almost like thunder, and a jar like a slight shock of an earthquake, succeeded by a rumbling noise, caused by the rolling masses as they were precipitated down the mountain side.

Another fall, and from a similar cause, occurred a few years before the preceding, on the south-east side of Butter Hill in the Highlands, from the face of a nearly vertical cliff. Many of the fallen rocks have been split up as a quarry stone, and used in building, and in public works at Fortress Monroe, and the Delaware Breakwater. The masses still remaining, must weigh several thousand tons.

An observer may perceive hundreds of examples in the Highlands, where similar causes have produced the same effects. In fact, all the natural causes, affecting the geological structure of the earth, except mineral springs and volcanic action, tend to transfer matter from a higher to a lower level.



(For the Zodiac.)

## INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

*Continued from page 2, vol. 2.*

Man is responsible not only for the opinions he adopts, and the habits he forms, his personal responsibilities extend also to the dispositions he cultivates—the affections he cherishes—the motive<sup>s</sup> by which he is actuated—the passions by which he is governed—the character he sustains, and the influence he exerts.

By dispositions, we understand certain temperament or tones of mind, which pervade the life and often give character to the individual. There are many kinds of dispositions, to which various terms have been applied. One is called a fretful disposition, another amiable and mild; one malevolent, jealous, envious; another benevolent, generous, forgiving; some dispositions elate the mind, others depress it; some embrace what is called good humor, others ill humor. All these may be expressed by the general terms, happy and unhappy. Nothing can be more desirable to the possessor, or more lovely to the beholder, than a uniformly happy temperament. What health is to the body such a disposition is to the mind. It gives to every faculty its full capacity of enjoyment, invigorates every power, and fits the soul for its high destiny. An unhappy disposition, on the contrary, tinges every thing around it with a dismal hue, makes life miserable to its subject, degrades and enfeebles his powers, renders him unworthy of his celestial origin, and unfits him for the relations he sustains to his fellow beings. We are not among those who contend that disposition is wholly innate, and therefore cannot be controlled; that a person cannot govern the temperament of his mind, and is not censurable for its deviation from rectitude. We do not believe that the deluded victim of an unhappy disposition, who secludes himself as a misanthrope till his intellect is degraded to the level of a brute, demands our sympathy and compassion alone. A course like his we deeply deprecate. We pity him for his dear-bought folly, but we censure him for his atrocious fault.—Whence has he these peculiar capacities of misery? Has an all-wise Creator bestowed upon him less capacities of enjoyment than his envied neighbor? Has vindictive justice loaded upon him more of the malevolent affections than his share? No, a wilful perversion of the capacities bestowed, makes him the being he is. He is not benevolent, contented and happy, because he does not choose to govern and regulate his disposition by a correct standard.

We do not say that in every individual instance, every disposition may be controlled. The power of habit may render this impracticable. Early education may have fostered rather than restrained unhappy dispositions. Many a child is at an early age informed that he has a bad disposition, that he is naturally irritable. He hears it perhaps from the lips of the parent, and of course gives credence to it. The mother, it may be, was justifying her child for some trifling exhibition of ill humor, or complaining of him to a friend, or alleging his native temperament as an apology for his want of subjection. Unintentionally on her part, a plea is thus given to the child, which for the present, at least, frees him from a sense of obligation. He is now justified for every ill temper he may indulge. Experience alone will teach such an one in after years to govern his spirit; and though the lesson may be difficult, and the process slow, facts prove that habits of indulgence exempt no individual from responsibility for the dispositions he allows. Neither

does the state of the body, which is so often pleaded by delinquents in the important department of self-government, create exemption from such responsibility. The effect of the physical upon the intellectual powers, is very great. So intimate is the relation between matter and mind, that no great change can occur in the one, without producing a corresponding change in the other. No doubt much of our susceptibility of emotion, vivacity of intellect and strength of social and moral affection, depend upon the state of the material constitution. Irregularities of disposition may, in numerous instances be traced to corporeal causes. That we are accountable for them, so far as we were instrumental in producing the disorganization by which they were induced, is obvious. How far beyond this our responsibility extends, is a point too delicate, perhaps, to admit indiscriminate decision. Individual judgement alone can determine it in a given case. Facts prove, that by a correct course of training many of the ill effects of physical disorder may be prevented. Though the strongest mind is sometimes chained, and the brightest genius quenched by the leaden hand of nervous debility, is it not a fact, that had its subject in the commencement guarded well the avenues of attack, had he summoned reason to its office work, avoided every exciting cause of feeling and emotion, and called in judgment and philosophy to his aid, his mind might have retained its balance, and ten thousand imaginary evils, and half as many real ones been averted? The inertia often attendant upon disease, may be a prominent reason why it is so universally believed that we are in no way responsible for those temperaments which result from bodily disorganization. Were this doctrine less advocated and less believed, the fashionable dyspepsia might perhaps lose some of the influence it now exerts, and many of its unhappy victims might be rescued from its semi-vegetable state of passive existence, to the high and exhilarating consciousness of intellectual efficiency, and to correspondent energy and action.

We have said that man is responsible for the affections he cherishes. To enter into a philosophical disquisition upon the nature of the affections or the extent to which the term may be applied, is no part of our present object. Enough for the subject before us, to use the term in its most common import, as a certain inclination of the mind towards a particular object. Thus defined, the affections may be considered nearly synonymous with the passions, differing from them only in the intensity of the accompanying desire. They differ from dispositions, inasmuch as they can never be original; being intimately connected with some object, they cannot exist till that object be presented. A perfect control of the affections is admitted to be unattainable by man, in this imperfect state of existence. Even a Zeno, with his long list of philosophers of the Porch, failed in the attempt. But while we would not, like them or their more lenient contemporaries, the philosophers of the Garden, seek to eradicate and destroy these most essential powers of our constitution, and sources of our enjoyment, we would appreciate the responsibility which calls upon us so to regulate them, that they may answer the design for which they were bestowed. Regulation of the affections, it will be seen, implies regulations of the thoughts; for to one who allows his thoughts to wander uncontrolled, direction of the affections is impossible. Here may be found the cause of many a broken heart, so frequently sung by the poet, and applauded by

the novelist. This is the rock on which many a bud of fairest promise has withered and scattered its delicate petals to the rough winds of earth, ere half their beauty was disclosed; aye, ere it had bloomed upon the passer by.

To the young, it is of invaluable importance that the affections be taught to flow in their proper channels. By forming correct habits of association, accustoming reason and judgment to hold predominance among the intellectual powers, and carefully watching the trains of thought, this may be accomplished. Neglecting to discipline the affections, we become the vacillating beings of impulse, decision of character is lost, firmness is lost, and we are incapable of noble and persevering effort in any cause. Though that effort may be directed in favor of the object of affection, there is no certainty of its continuance; a counter affection may arise and turn the scale in favor of some new object.

To deny responsibility for the cultivation of the affections, is to deny moral obligation. They form a most powerful class of incitements to moral action. When at variance with the more rational powers, they claim supremacy; hence results vice in all its specious forms. The affections once perverted, it is impossible to estimate what imbecility and crime may result. They were given us to be sources of the purest enjoyment; to their benevolent Author are we responsible for their proper cultivation and wise direction. Guided by the principles of rectitude, they will make us happy here, and form the bliss of Heaven.

CITHERA.

(For the Zodiac.)

## THE MODESTY OF GENIUS.

Names are arbitrary signs of thoughts and things. And therefore it is sometimes difficult to ascertain the sovereign will and pleasure of so arbitrary a being as the public, in using them. Such is our difficulty now. We attach a particular notion to the word genius. But we may be in the minority, and therefore, *ex necessitate*, heretics. Like other great authors, we have only to say in such a case, we mean by quadruped, an animal that has wings; and then all our course is clear. And in order to avoid the dangers which lie along the path of him who attempts to think too closely, and much more of him who tries to be very accurate in expression, we will define in the gross and the concrete. Perhaps, after all, captious reader, you will find a definition substantial and virtual, scattered like gold dust along the channel where our reasons flow. We call the Israelite, Moses, a man of genius, because (whether by original or later endowment from his Creator, alters not this point) he had two intellectual faculties in an uncommon degree. He had judgment and the power of original execution. Men of a later day have framed wise laws, and written sacred poetry well. But he, in a remote period of the world, when legislation had scarcely advanced as an art, beyond a provision for the security of the throne and its most important supporters; and when, as a theory, there was no legal science, framed a code perfect in its fundamental principles, and perfect in its adaptation to a rude and uncultivated people. In it he laid the broad foundation of legal and political science. His writings are the fountain from which all the streams of enlightened legislation have flowed. So too, he was the first poet who composed a sacred drama, and a hymn of praise elevated in their theology above the highest productions of the best days of



Greece. By calling him a man of genius, we mean that he had the power of originating great productions, and another power, of sound judgment, which would let nothing imperfect pass. Other men have had taste enough to appreciate his poetry, and judgment enough to admire his legislation. But genius adds to taste the power of execution. Then, if you understand what we mean by a man of genius, we will say definitely—Moses was a modest man. Now you want another definition. But you must be contented with another concrete.—When we say Moses was modest, we refer to facts like this. On one occasion he received intimation that he was delegated to plead the cause of his oppressed countrymen, before the throne of Egypt, he replied—"Oh, my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. O my Lord, send by the hand of whom thou wilt send." We mean by Moses' modesty something entirely different from the modesty of American statesmen. Ours permits us to think we are fit for any office from the tax gatherership to the Presidency. Ours makes us brimful of patriotism, to fly at the bidding of the sovereign people to any post of honor and responsibility.

The elegiac Jeremiah was a man of genius. He originated a noble style of poetry. When he received a high commission, he exclaimed—"Ah, Lord God! behold I cannot speak, for *I am a child*."

Isaac Newton was a man of genius. His modesty shewed itself in deference to the opinions of others, and in a certain diffidence of his most labored conclusions, which made him prefer the form of queries to the form of dogmatic statement. When closing his great career, he compared himself to a child roaming on the sea shore, and finding a few beautiful pebbles. But the whole ocean was girded with a belt exactly like the spot he had traversed, stretching as it were, infinitely beyond the little range of his field of inspection. This is the modesty of genius.

How shall we account for it? It is not that he is uninformed or misinformed concerning his absolute and relative attainments. If a man of genius has traversed the field of mathematical and physical science, if he is learned in ancient lore, if he has vast powers of comprehension, concentration, combination and expression, he knows it. He is surely not incapable of forming, in some degree, a correct judgment of a book, simply because he wrote it; when he would have given it the most judicious review, had it come from another pen. We will suppose a case: a poet produces a work of the first rate merit. A worthy friend is sipping tea at his hospitable board; and in order to make the *amende honorable*, for wear and tear of furniture and tea juice, makes a delicate allusion to the recent poem, which has made so much noise in town. By the way, the guest is in one of the schools of poetry; but his host in another. Here comes a collision between gratitude and the *esprit du corps*. But a compromise is effected, by allowing the poem in case, to be equal to a certain production of the favorite school. This compliment then being fairly ready for publication, is issued.—Now the complimented man knows as well as he knows, that *Paradise Lost* has more poetic merit than the *Essay on Man*—that his own production is far superior to the other, replies—"Oh, sir, you flatter me, your kindness blinds your judgment."—This we call downright, full grown, corpulent hy-

pocrisy. This, as the old divines say, illustrates negatively what we mean by the modesty of genius. We repeat the query then in another form: Why, if a man of superior talents and attainments is conscious of his superiority to other men, and of his works to those of other men, does he not shew it in his conversation and writings? Why is there around a circle of stars of the first magnitude a more delightfully bland light, and why can men of ordinary visual powers endure it, and enjoy it more than the less intense light of your glaring, meteoric third and fourth rate literati? The answer is at hand—the first feature of that order of mind which we call genius, is the possession of a *beau ideal*, far, far above all human attainments. This is the cherished object of thought and affection. This fills and fires the soul with its perfect imagery. Every production of the pen or pencil is seen in the light of that brightness, is weighed in the balance of that sanctuary, and found "wanting." The man of genius is looking upward as Alps on Alps arise. It is true there are some of less courage, and others of less nerve, far below him; but the distance between him and them is lost in comparing it with that between him and the far stretching summit on which the light of an eternal day is resting.

Unfortunately for the human race in general, and some of its individual members particularly, when we were at college; there were some who, having more of the genius than the modesty, were above the plodding taste and habits of their companions. In the sacred retreats of idleness, amid the ascending incense of tobacco fumes, and in the rites of the jolly god, they awaited the inspirations of genius. Alack a day, their god, like Baal of old, was sleeping or riding out, and never heard their prayers.

And it was just as fortunate for the world that there were some who had the genius and the modesty—their modesty made them students. And thus they matured the noble faculties which their Creator bestowed upon them. It made them condescending, kind and affable, and thus they are adapted to carry light among their fellow men, without a repulsive and blinding glare.

[For the Zodiac]

#### NIGHT SCENE UPON KIRAUEA.

"Pélé" abode in Kirauea,  
In the pit, ever feeding the fires."  
Vide, "Polynesian Researches."

##### I.

That pilgrim band now rested. All day long  
They had pursu'd their rough, ascending way,  
Nor stopp'd to list the radiant birds' wild song,  
Whose trilling notes seem'd to invite their stay;  
From the hot sand, the sun's reflected ray  
Had pierc'd each eye-ball, with its burning dart,  
They'd sought in vain for water all the day,  
Yet none turn'd back, with faint and doubting  
heart,  
None from their purpose high, could be induced to  
part.

##### II.

It was to gain the summit of that mount,  
That wondrous mount of the far ocean isle,  
Whose fires ascend from one eternal fount,  
Where molten waves dash vividly the while;  
Where fabled spirits, grin with ghastly smile,  
And shrieking, laugh with an unearthly tone,  
As if with revels time they would beguile;  
Yet oft is heard their deep, terrific moan,

\* Goddess of Volcanoes.

When from the lowest pit ascends their tortur'd  
groan.

##### III.

The pilgrims watch'd its smoke, that like the cloud  
Of olden time, was an unerring guide;  
Above the mount 'twas like a darksome shroud,  
Beneath whose folds the living might not bide,  
While fearful gulfs, or chasms yawning wide,  
Or cliffs, which o'er them bent with fearful nod,  
All, all had fail'd to turn their steps aside—  
Why should they fear the fierce avenging rod,  
Who sought with reverent hearts, to view the works  
of God?

##### IV.

Night was fast deep'ning as they gain'd the brink  
Of that vast crescent-gulf, whose glories bright  
Caus'd ev'ry one to start, and trembling, shrink  
From scenes too radiant for the mortal sight:  
Around them play'd the pale and sulph'rous  
light,  
Shot up from Nature's crucible below;  
Fed by her ceaseless hand both day and night,  
Full oft the molten tide, with fearful flow,  
Sweeps on to ruin, all, amid its course of woe.

##### V.

Upon that spot was rear'd a shelter rude,  
For chill the mountain winds came sweeping by,  
And o'er the crater storm-clouds 'gan to brood,  
As if to veil its glories from the eye;  
The tempest now awoke its moaning sigh,  
O! fearful was the night and wild the hour!  
Destruction seem'd around, beneath, on high,  
Yet all unmov'd amid the sudden shower,  
The pilgrims gaz'd with awe, on God's Almighty  
power.

##### VI.

And as they hung upon that fearful verge,  
Loud, and still louder, grew the crater's roar—  
It seem'd the dashing of that fiery surge,  
Which is to beat upon the future's shore,  
When all is seal'd, and "Time shall be no  
more."  
The clouds roll'd off from that vast lake of fire,  
O'er which wrath's vials seem'd their ire to  
pour;  
E'en now, the molten spray dash'd high, and  
higher,  
As if the mount would form a vast funereal pyre.

##### VII.

The dark-brow'd natives who were group'd  
around,  
Rehears'd their legends wild in many a song;  
They told how far, far down beneath the ground,  
Pélé and all her tribe once slumber'd long,  
But then awoke with deeds of wrath and wrong;  
And oft they paus'd to gaze upon the scene,  
Then once again the tale they would prolong,  
While round them play'd the strange and spectral  
sheen,  
While all unearthly waved, as smoke roll'd in be-  
tween.

##### VIII.

And thus pass'd on the hours, and aye, they  
brought  
New wonders to the fix'd and watchful eye;  
Deep were they laden with the food of thought,  
They bore away the sad, the pitying sigh,  
For those who knew not God, a God so nigh.  
And then upon the midnight, mountain air,



The voice of supplication floated by,  
That by his spirit bless'd, God might be there—  
Aye! from that altar rude, went up the fervent  
prayer.

## IX.

Fair Ocean-isle! soon may thy day-spring rise,  
And pour its blessed light o'er all the land!  
Thy sons and daughters shall be truly wise,  
When mercy's waves roll brightly to thy strand;  
Within his temple may thy children stand  
To worship God—a God of peace and love,  
To view with joy their heav'nly father's hand,  
O! to that isle fly swift thou Spirit-dove,  
And teach each grov'ling heart, to soar with thee  
above!

A. D. W.

Albany, December, 1836.

(For the Zodiac.)

## MEMOIRS OF MY LIFE.

By an Old Soldier.

## CHAPTER III.

*My second visit to Berlin under Frederic William II.—The Court—Wöllner, Bishofswerder and Osswald—Curious and unpublished anecdotes—Comparison between the courts of Prussia, France and Russia.*

Having had the happiness to see the great Frederic, with his old shabby coat, his white waist-coat, which the unusual quantity of Spanish snuff had changed into a geographical map, his very old and small cocked hat, mounted upon his beautiful white charger, I wished to see his nephew and successor, king Frederic William II.

As soon as Frederic II. was deadly sick, the inhabitants of Berlin expressed generally, in christian charity, the hope, "he would do them the favor to die!" The old usurer and miser has reigned long enough; he cannot reign *eternally*, (46 years), he must make room for his nephew, who is old enough to taste a little of the pleasure of being in his turn *the master!*"

This is the characteristic history of every people who are governed by one man. The French said it of Louis XIV.; the Austrians of Maria Theresa; the Russians of Catharine II.; the Prussians of Frederic. They think always that the new monarch will reign better, and will render them happier than his predecessor; and very often the new comer is worse than the former. The recent events in France present a striking example of this wish. Napoleon was scarcely in the island of Elba, and Louis XVIII. placed on the French throne by the bayonets of the allies, when they regretted Napoleon. This one embarked with 150 men, and in a few weeks he became again the master of France, reigned a hundred days, lost for ever his crown and liberty, and died wretchedly upon a rock!

Louis closed his eyes, and Charles X. excited a lively interest; the Parisians were enchanted with his popularity and golden promises. This lasted a few weeks; and when the charm had ceased to blind their eyes, they perceived a horrid, bigotted, obstinate tyrant. They flew to arms, and in three glorious days, they succeeded in driving him away. Lafayette had, a second time, the destinies of France, the sacred cause of liberty in Europe, in his grasp! One word would have saved France and the freedom of the world. He listened to the smooth and golden promises of a political hypocrite, yielded, and became soon his honorable dupe, as Talleyrand said, in speaking of Lafayette. The French pant after liberty, and have a greater tyrant than ever was Charles X.! How long will this last? Madness entitles to bedlam; tyranny to —.

At the beginning, the reign of Frederic William II. of Prussia promised the golden age. As soon as his uncle was buried, he removed to the royal chateau at Berlin; the court left Potsdam and San Souci, to follow its new master to the capital. This was so much the more welcome to the inhabitants of Berlin, as the royal family spread a new life amongst them, and attracted a crowd of opulent subjects and strangers towards the rising star. He went one day on foot and alone, clad in a simple blue coat, to visit the old count Hertzberg, and kindly requested him to continue to serve him as minister of state, as faithfully as he had done his uncle. He remained more than an hour alone with this worthy man; he went from there to the baron Heynitz, and afterwards to Mr. de Zedlitz, and not only confirmed all three in their respective ministries, but requested them, *as a favor*, to remain at the head of their respective departments.

This single step, as simple as it is, was soon known, and excited a general enthusiasm. Human nature is truly curious: a man visits another, and he is praised to the skies! Why so? Because this man is a *king*, a crowned, sacred, anointed and blessed head! The smallest trifling action is praised as coming from at least a *demi-god*! You poor monkish fools, you praise in such a man, who may not possess the thousandth part of *your* worth, an action which you practise every day, unnoticed by any of these fools.

I arrived at Berlin in the midst of all this enthusiasm, and was pleased with their prospects. But scarcely had a few weeks of the usual rejoicings, festivals, illuminations, &c. passed over, when the clouds became darker; and we observed that his natural indolence, his inclination towards superstition, alchymy and voluptuousness, made him the prey of cunning intriguers, who persuaded him to commit a thousand follies. Amongst them were distinguished Osswald, Wöllner, and Bishofswerder. The first, a clergyman of low extraction, had in a few months succeeded so well, as to gain the greatest ascendancy over the king's weak mind. All three were friends, and had made a secret treaty among themselves, heartily to assist each other to become master of him, and then to divide the spoils. Osswald, the most cunning of the trio, had the greatest influence in showing him phantoms and spectres, who, all well drilled, prescribed to the king what he should do to gain salvation!

Osswald, an obscure clergyman, came poor and destitute to Berlin; and a few months after was the master of a brilliant house, coaches, and equipages. Splendid dinners and fêtes were in continual succession, the rapid consequences of this juggler.

Wöllner, a poor school-master in a little village of the sandy marshes of Brandenburg, was the friend and partner of Osswald; a few months after the inhabitants of Berlin were confounded to see him named prime minister, baron, count, knight of the Black Eagle, order of which Frederic II. was so sparing.

Bishofswerder, another hungry adventurer and friend of the two former, flattered the king in procuring him some of those venal females, who, for money and luxury, become the prostitutes of a crowned head! These three acted so well, that the former ministers, men of talent, honor and probity, gave in their resignations, and their places were filled with the creatures of the trio. They persuaded the king to sign the famous *Religious Edict*, (an edict concerning public worship,) which was a series of intolerance and hypocrisy, which

roused against it all that was enlightened, not only in Prussia, but throughout Germany. The Prussian subjects, who were courageous enough to write against this edict, and to prove its fallacy, were seized in the middle of the night and put into prison.

The three intriguers, in order to consolidate their power, had taken a fourth partner, who became soon more powerful than the trio. This was the *Dubbarri* of Prussia, a female of the lowest class, tall, quick, very pretty, witty, intriguing and bold, who used to go from house to house to sell lemons and oranges, and was intimate with the cavalry officers of the royal guards, the gardes du corps and the gendarmes. Bishofswerder, a great libertine, was intimately acquainted with her, and adroitly passed her into the arms of Frederic William, after having made, in the name of the trio, a secret bargain with her, to support them with all her power. She soon succeeded to supplant another mistress of the king, the beautiful baroness Von Voss, who was dismissed and sent out into the country.

This was the origin of Charlotte Enke, or madame Rietz, or the countess of Lichtenau, afterwards so celebrated by her orgies, for her ascendancy over Frederic William, and her extravagant expenses. She became soon the declared mistress of the king, by whom she had several children, better endowed and treated than the legitimate princes of the royal family. Finally, she acquired an absolute power over the king, and acted as Potemkin did with Catharine, or the famous marquise de Pompadour with Louis XV. viz: she suffered that no female should divide the favors of the king, if not previously permitted by her!

I was, some weeks after my arrival at Berlin, presented to the king, queen and royal family, and graciously received by all as an old acquaintance. Frederic William II. was a very handsome man, tall, well formed, and of an open, fine and imposing figure. Having been informed that I had been lately at the court of St. Petersburg, he asked me various questions about it, but all very insignificant and trifling; for example, if Catharine was a handsome woman; if she painted herself much? And he laughed heartily, like Louis XVI. in a loud and noisy manner, when I answered, that in spite of her paint, and her great toilet, we could easily remark the deep traces which age and her profligate life had made upon her.

In comparing the courts of Versailles and St. Petersburg, (of the latter, I shall speak of more in detail,) which I had frequented, with that of Berlin, I found a striking difference. It is true, that all courts in Europe are the same in regard to etiquette, and the ridiculous ceremonies to be observed at receptions, levees, galas, &c. The sovereign, seated or standing in a large room, and in full dress, is the central point around which all these wretched puppets, the courtiers, move at will. The master laughs or weeps, is gay or sad, they do the same. Ask them what they laugh or weep for, look merry or grave, they are astonished at your question, and cannot answer you. They are superbly dressed monkeys, who possess all their malice, without any of their good qualities. An honest man, courageous enough to resist the caprices and injustice of his master, or of the royal prostitute, who falls into disgrace, is immediately abandoned by those courtiers, who, the day before, filled his anti-chamber and appeared to be his warmest, his most devoted friends; they avoid him like the yellow fever, and his saloons are deserted! The sovereign is angry with him, the courtiers must



hate, *must* detest him and his whole family; this favors their views!

The court of St. Petersburg, under Catharine II. has pleased me the most, not only for its splendor, but particularly for the graceful, easy and amiable reception which Catharine knew how to give; and thus her courtiers, imitating her example, were, for me, the most agreeable society. They were highly polished, well informed, had travelled through Europe, and were truly attractive. The famous suppers of Frederic II. were very agreeable, instructive, free from all constraint, and gay, but for my part I found they were by no means to be compared with those of Catharine, in which ladies, celebrated for their wit and beauty, sat indiscriminately with us at table, and spread their irresistible and charming amiability among us, which no society, purely composed of men, as that of Frederic, who disliked the fair sex, could offer.

The royal family at Versailles was the most unhappy, the most constrained in its interior which I ever have seen. The queen, Maria Antoinette, full of fire, wit, beauty, and amenity, was married to a good, but serious, stiff king, of little cultivated mind, who preferred making keys and locks to fine suppers and jovial company.

Frederic William II. of Prussia passed his evenings either with Osswald in dark rooms, conjuring spectres, or with his mistress. The company at court, the galas, &c. were stiff and awkward, as the king ordinarily looked embarrassed and constrained. Thus I attended these, so called, court galas but once, and had enough of them.

The sad consequences of the profligacy of Frederic William II. were soon felt; the large caves under the royal palace of Berlin, in which Frederic II. had amassed large treasures, were soon, one after the other, emptied; and one morning the police found bills, in large letters, posted up at the iron rails of these caves, *rooms to let!* Imposts, taxes, and compulsive measures were resorted to, and gave general dissatisfaction. The uncle was too avaricious; his nephew too prodigal; and the trio, with its female associate, became rich!

(To be continued.)

(For the Zodiac.)

#### THE BRIDE.

She hath changed her father's name,  
She hath left her father's hall,  
No more within that happy home,  
Her silver tones will fall;  
No more her bounding steps will rove,  
As erst in childhood hours,  
In glee beneath that shadowy grove,  
Or press those dewy flowers.

The last embrace is over,  
The last long look is given,  
The smiling earth is glad around,  
And bright the glowing heaven;  
Her hand once more is placed  
In his, her earthly guide;  
The parting tear is half forgot  
In the blessings of a bride.

The shadows fade away,  
The open path lies fair;  
She gazes on that pleasant grove,  
Her childhood's home is there.  
The dreams of happy youth,  
The fountains pure and deep,  
Of all home's dear affections  
Once more burst from their sleep.

She seems to hear her mother's voice

In its own loving tone,  
Upon her gentle ear again,  
In murmurs sad and lone;  
She hears her sister's sad farewell,  
The only one whose smile  
Is left to cheer with happiness,  
That old ancestral pile.

And tears burst forth from those fond eyes,  
Half love and half regret,  
The future as the past is bright,  
Yet how can she forget.  
Thus is a bridal ever  
Half sunshine and half shade,  
The struggle mid'st familiarities,  
And those so lately made.

H.

We have been permitted to copy the following communication, read at a recent meeting of the Institute, and publish it, because it explains a circumstance connected with the capture of Andre, which has heretofore been the subject of considerable doubt:

#### To the Albany Institute:

GENTLEMEN—

Not long since, while preparing papers for a townsman, a very worthy and respectable man, an article in the Utica Observer, read before the Institute March 7th, 1833, by R. E. Ward, entitled *Recollection of the Revolution*, was shown me by the person named *Jeremiah Steeves, Esq.* He was himself present at the time alluded to, and his version of the affair is somewhat different; I give it to you nearly in his own words.

In the autumn of 1780, the Vulture sloop of war was lying off Fellow's Point, and sent a gun boat into Mother's Lap with a six-pounder in her bow. *Moses Sherwood, Jack Peterson, and Jeremiah Steeves*, were gathering apples in an orchard in plain view, when she came and anchored in the lap—and no other was there, but the three persons named; and they went to the bank of the river and fired their guns, but knew not the effect. A six-pound shot soon flew over their heads, and several musket balls also; but the musket balls did not proceed from the boat, and at the time it was not known where they came from. These persons soon left the woods skirting the bank of the river, and saw a number of men, and a red-coat among them; they stood and viewed them for some time, until a number of others joined them, whom they knew to be friends; and they went to them, and found where the balls came from, when they were in the woods.

They came from the orchard, or point where there was a body of men gathering apples, to take on board the Vulture. The gun boat was sent there, not to receive the spy, but to guard the passage which was on the beach of the lap, that they should not be disturbed in gathering the apples. There was a marsh between the Americans and the orchard; and a firing on both sides continued until near sun set. When they had gathered as many apples as they wished, they returned to the ship. There were men enough to have prevented their taking the apples, if they could have crossed to where they were; but this was prevented by the gun boat. *Jeremiah Steeves* very narrowly escaped being killed, by a shot from the boat, which struck a stone on the bank, and struck him on the head. He says he does not recollect of any other of the Americans being hurt; and that they did not know of any of the British having been hurt. How the story came to be circulated, and so far from the

fact, is strange to him; and that *Sherwood* and *Peterson's* names should be inserted, and not *his*, *Steeves*, is stranger still. It is not a fact, that they placed themselves behind a rock, *when they first fired at the British*; nor was the boat laying on her oars, nor did she immediately return to the sloop, nor our people to the mill, and conversing with the farmer, as stated. While engaged, however, Capt. Nestle, of the artillery from Verplank's Point, came down and joined them there, and sent back some men and brought down a field piece, a brass four-pounder, and a small mortar, with ammunition for them, and the three boys went with him to pilot him to the end of the point, where the ship lay in the night, and there in silence made a small trench for the pieces and men; and at daybreak, at the turn of the tide, began to play upon the ship, and the three boys, *Steeves, Sherwood, and Peterson*, then placed themselves behind a rock, and saw the whole fracas, and the shells flying with their streams of fire. They were in great confusion on board of the ship, and slipped their cable and up sail; but there was a dead calm, and they could not get out of the way of our shot, until all the ammunition was exhausted. Every shot hit her—the fire was not returned for some time. But when they began to move, they rattled it off in earnest. One shot hit the rock behind which they were, and bounded into the air. The Vulture dropped down about two miles, and came to anchor again. They shifted their guns and careened her over, and we could see them putting new pieces in her sides where the shot had taken effect; if the piece had been a twelve-pounder, she would have been sunk on the spot. The next day, or next but one, the traitor *Arnold* went on board, and they then weighed anchor and sailed for New-York. *Esq. Steeves* is well acquainted with *Sherwood* and *Peterson*. They were boys together, and brought up within two miles of each other. He says he never before heard of their desiring to share in the honor of taking *Andre*, the spy, with *Paulding, Van Wort, and Williams*. He was well acquainted with *Paulding*, and knew well the spot where the spy was taken. He was *not in the Beekman woods*, but one mile below. It is stated in the communication referred to, that *Andre* crossed the Croton river at Kingsbridge. That was guarded by our troops, and how he could cross there is very strange; but he is confident he never came near *Coleberg Landing*, as stated in that paper, as he should have heard of it. It is there stated, that he came on the west side of the Hudson, from near *West-Point*, till opposite *Verplank's Point*, of course all the way through the mountain on foot and alone; and how he could cross there, a fort being on each side, is very remarkable. He was stopped the evening before his capture by one of the militia patrols, and taken to *Capt. Boyd*, and his pass examined, and he was allowed to go on his way; and about eighteen miles below he was captured, on the main post road, thirty miles above New-York. It is stated in the paper, that he travelled from *West-Point* to *Crum Pond*, at least twenty-five miles, and there procured a horse. And if he went by the way of *Coleberg Landing*, it was more than thirty miles. If any one is disposed to believe that he travelled all that distance on foot and alone, through woods and mountains, an entire stranger, they can; but such he says is not the true state of the case.

I have thus given you the substance of *Esq. Steeves* statement, and can assure you he is a man of great respectability, and one who was familiar with the scenes he describes. If his account of the



history of the early times shall be of interest to your society, I shall be amply repaid for this communication.

Respectfully yours,

B. P. JOHNSON.

Rome, Oneida Co., Oct. 1836.

[For the Zodiac.]

# BIOGRAPHY OF TALLEYRAND.

## CHAPTER VII.

The situation of Mr. de Talleyrand during the latter end of 1792, in London, was far from being enviable; for, while the emigrants on that side of the channel represented him as a jacobin, the republican party in France denounced him as a royalist. He was even charged in the convention, by the deputy Ruth, with belonging to the Orleans faction, and being in the pay of that prince; in consequence of which an act of accusation was passed against him in December, and his name was inscribed on the list of emigrants.

On the 29th of January, 1793, Talleyrand wrote to Le Brun, the minister of foreign affairs: "This, citizen minister, will in all probability be the last letter you can receive from me in a direct way, as I am informed by one of our agents, that, notwithstanding my mourning, (for the death of Louis XVI.) the English ministers both watch and suspect me. In the privy council, which determined the order for Chauvelin's leaving this country, it was discussed whether this order was not to extend even to me, as moved by the privy councillors of the party of the alarmists, who continue the fanatical and irreconcilable foes of all French patriots. Fortunately Pitt and Grenville declared for an adjournment, on account of my proscription in France, and from being informed by several respectable emigrants, that I sincerely repented of the part I had taken in the revolution. Yet my situation is critical, and you cannot be too careful in writing to me; I do not think it safe, as you propose, to trust any longer to the countess of Flahaut,\* nor do I wish you to go on with our correspondence under her cover, she being at this moment jealous of some other connections I have formed,† and the British government cannot be unacquainted with our mutual attachment at Paris. I shall always write to you under the name you mention, to the care of the house of Maetzlaers, at Frankfort, or to madame La Roche,‡ in Switzerland. You may at least once in the month send me your orders, addressed to madame Grand, whose friendship I possess, and who is too stupid (*trop bête*) to suspect any thing. Besides this and the four addresses Chauvelin and I have agreed upon, and which he will communicate to you, you may direct letters to Tho. Smith, Esq., Cannon Coffee-house, Jernynstreet, or to Signor Cellini, Orange Coffee-house, Hay-market.

"I have now changed all the houses and places of rendezvous where I hitherto saw the English patriots, and heard the reports of my agents. Among

\* She came to London on the 30th of September, 1792, accompanied by her son, Charles Maurice, with a pass of the municipality of Paris, as madame de Cabanis. It was fortunately for her that she disregarded both the opinion of her husband and the representations of her lover. Notwithstanding what the latter had said to the contrary, she would otherwise in a few months have ascended the same scaffold with the former.

† Alluding to madame Grand.

‡ The former was a famous banker; the real name of the latter was the countess de la Rochechouart.

the former I continue to see and correspond only with three, their principal leaders; one for England, one for Scotland, and one for Ireland; of the latter, Audibert and several others have, since the alien bill, already been ordered out of this country, and I employ now no more than five, of whom three are natives, besides the Prussian counsellor of legation,\* who is sincerely a friend of France, and enemy of Great Britain. Reduced as you find the establishment, yet the expenses are increased, as I am obliged to take so many precautions, to pay largely and at a higher rate than before; having also, to avoid suspicion, taken a house at Kingston, where expenses are higher than in London, but where, at the same time, my actions may, as I desire, be more easily inspected by the spies set about me. These are the principal causes of the great credit I have asked for on bankers at Hamburg, Frankfort and Basle; but citizen minister, you may rest assured, that the strictest economy on my part shall be observed."

Mr. de Talleyrand continued to correspond with Le Brun, and to inform him of the success of his intrigues and plots in Great Britain, until this minister shared the disgrace of the other members of the Brissot faction. The credit on several foreign houses was then withdrawn, and the committee of public safety considered him in no other light than as an emigrant. His correspondence with the countess Flahaut was then published, and even his official or confidential letters to Le Brun were shown in the national convention, and were permitted to be copied by several persons, who have since printed them. This impolitic behavior of the members of the committee originated in the enmity of one of them, Collet d'Herbois, who suspected Talleyrand of having prevented Louis XVI. from appointing him a minister of justice, in 1791, a place for which he was then a candidate. That the British government had no knowledge of Talleyrand's perfidy, is probable from their permitting him still to reside in England. The accusations and denunciations of the French jacobins against pretended agents of Pitt at Paris, were, therefore, either false, or the British ministry were not faithfully served by them. The female intriguer, madame de la Roche, who was then at Lausanne, obtained, however, regularly from him, some gratuitous information, which she communicated to Carnot, who afterwards favored his return to France, and his promotion by the directory. Even when, in 1794, he was sent away from England, and went to America, he did not cease writing to her. Among other papers, procured by him, that accompanied his petition to be struck out of the list of emigrants, was a certificate of *civism*, signed by madame de la Roche.

At the breaking out of the war, Mr. de Talleyrand's diplomatic career ceased, and he retired to Richmond, where he lived poorly, and sold his library to supply himself. Mr. de Narbonne, another deputy of the assembly constituante, lived a long time in the same house, at Richmond, with him. Some months later they were joined by madame de Stael, whose husband returned to Sweden, which he had represented at the court of Versailles.

Mr. de Narbonne became afterwards a great favorite of Napoleon, was his aid-de-camp, and is

\* This Prussian counsellor's name is Theremin. After being a spy in London during the war, when peace was signed between Prussia and France, he went to Paris and wrote a libel against England, for which he was made a French citizen. The directory employed him to embroil the states of Wirtemberg with their prince, and Bonaparte made him in 1800 a prefect.

well known by his negotiations when ambassador at Vienna.

The execution of Louis XVI. having broken all friendly intercourse between France and Sweden, Mr. de Stael, the ambassador, left Paris for Stockholm, and his wife preferred to go to Coppet. Not being there in safety, she thought to shelter herself better in London. When she heard that Messrs. de Talleyrand and Narbonne lived at Richmond, she came to join them, and to divide generously some money, which she had saved, with her two countrymen. The marquis de Blacous, another member of the assembly constituante, lived with them. Talleyrand, who had previously speculated in the stocks, foreseeing the coming storm, had secretly secured a considerable sum, and played the pauper, for fear, as he said afterwards, of losing his *poire pour la soif*, knowing too well madame de Stael's and Mr. de Blacous' propensity to spend money.

These four persons had bought a horse and gig, and went in turn to ride out, so that two remained always at home. It is here that madame de Stael and Talleyrand became intimate; this friendship became afterwards highly useful to the latter. It was to her that Talleyrand related the following anecdote: "When on board the vessel ready to sail for England, he was absorbed in profound meditations, and foreseeing the unhappy turn which the revolution must necessarily take, by the already too conspicuous internal divisions which began to manifest themselves in the interior of France, he stood a long time on deck, looking upon the shores of his country, and exclaimed: 'They shall never induce me to make a revolution for others!'" And he has kept his word. These few words characterize fully Mr. de Talleyrand; since all who know this individual, as well as I do, unite in asserting, "that Mr. de Talleyrand had embraced the revolution so warmly but for selfish views." He resembled in this too, Mirabeau and Sieyes.

## LECTURES ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY,

BY ROBERT E. GRANT, M. D., F. R. S. E., &c; Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh; and Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Animal Physiology in the University of London.

### LECTURE VI.—(Continued.)

#### ON THE ORGANS OF SUPPORT OF ACALOPHORA AND ECHINODERMA.

It is interesting to observe, as we thus rise in the scale of animals, the gradual simplifying of the outward forms, accompanying the increased elaboration of the internal mechanism. The vital energies of the zoophyte, like those of a plant, are spent in the endless repetition of the simplest parts of the structure, in the production of ramifications in which the structure is everywhere similar, and everywhere simple. But as the central abdominal cavity is developed in the *crinoid* family, the outward ramifications diminish, and, important organs developing in that cavity in higher echinoderma, we see the outward ornaments all cut off, and the vital energies of the echinida directed to internal development. We can trace this inverse ratio of the outward and inward developments throughout all the higher grades of animal existence. The wild irregularity of the inferior plant-like forms becomes now softened down to a symmetrical arrangement of all the parts around an axis, previous to their disposition on each side of a median plane,



which is the symmetry of the most elevated forms of animals. At the outset we could scarcely perceive any unity of plan either in the materials or the construction of the polymorphous skeletons of the poriferous animals, or in the innumerable forms of zoophytes. But now we begin to perceive a unity of plan to pervade the structure of the most diversified skeletons of the echinodermata. And it is above all things important for you to watch nature's mode of procedure in the gradual development of new forms; how she can vary the form of her elements in the construction of skeletons without once quitting the plan she has adopted through extensive series of forms; for if you can perceive this in the skeleton of animals so low in the scale, how much more must you expect a unity of plan to be manifested in more important systems of the economy, and in higher forms of organization! The low condition of the organization, particularly of the nervous system, of the echinida, requires every means of protection and support from their skeleton, which thus envelops their whole body, and their vital functions are yet inadequate to the periodical casting and renewing of so large a mass of solid matter. It is beautiful to see how nature has contrived to provide them with a skeleton which is extravascular and unorganised, like the shells of molluscous and articulated animals,—which envelops every part of their body,—which is not periodically cast off to allow of the enlargement and growth of the contained organs,—which does not consist of open valves to allow of increase by the addition of new layers within, nor of an open cone like the shell of a gasteropod,—and which yet presents no impediment to the rapid growth of the soft parts contained within this hard unorganised ball. From the depressed forms of the *scutella*, which come so near to some of the *asteria* we were last examining, through the more convex forms of the *clypeasters*, the *spatangi*, the *nucleolites*, the *galerites*, and other fossil genera, to the globular forms of the existing *cidares* and *echini*, we find the whole skeleton to be composed of an elegant mosaic-work of distinct pieces, most methodically and beautifully arranged, to afford stability to the whole fabric, and the means of continued increase and expansion during the entire life of the animals.

These solid skeletons of the *echinida*, to give them greater hardness, contain a greater proportion of the phosphate of lime than the moveable articulated skeletons of the stellerida I have been describing. The carbonate and phosphate of lime here form a solid exterior mass, which is, however, composed of minute pieces symmetrically constructed and beautifully arranged in perpendicular columns. In these animals, when we observe the manner in which the skeleton is constructed, we find that the same component pieces which surround the body of the *asterias*, are developed, meet each other, become consolidated by numerous layers, and thus form the great globular disc. The ambulacra of the *asterias* are here bent up to meet at the anus, and the integuments are spread out to enclose a sphere. The arrangement of those pieces in the *echinus*, is thus in perpendicular columns disposed in alternate pairs. This you can best examine when the shells have been well macerated and bleached, and as the numerous sutures never ankylose, the structure is equally obvious in the adult and the young animals. On account of the coat of colouring matter, and the numerous tubercles on the outer surface, the elegant and symmetrical arrangement of the pieces is much less obvious there than on the inner surface of these shells.

The columns are disposed in parallel series, extending from the apex to the base of the shells, and the lines by which they meet present a zigzag appearance, or a very regular serrated suture, from the polygonal form of the component pieces. The most familiar example I can select to illustrate the mechanism of these solid external skeletons, and one which presents the most regular and simple form, is the sea egg, the *echinus esculentus*, so abundant on all parts of the coasts of Britain and of Europe. As the soft and growing parts of the animal are completely shut up in this globular shell, it is obvious that the shell could not grow, like that of molluscous animals, by the addition of continuous layers to the inner surface of the whole parietes, as that would diminish instead of enlarging the interior cavity. The shell itself is of a hard and porous texture, homogeneous throughout, and without vessels or any internal organization to enable it to provide for its own increase and repair. The shell is composed of the same chemical elements, and has the same kind of uniform texture, as the exterior hard coverings of the crustacea, and, in like manner, has its layer of colouring matter confined to the outer surface, but the form of the shell and the attachment of the intestines, the respiratory and all the other organs of nutrition to the inner surface, render it impossible for this animal to throw off its outward covering, even if it possessed the means of existing for an instant without the shell, or had an organization fitted to secrete periodically and rapidly so large a quantity of earthy matter. The division of the shell into innumerable small pieces of such a form, and so united as to allow of the continual addition of matter to their surface, was, therefore, necessary to the growth of this skeleton of the *echinus*, and of all the *echinida*. No trace of fibres or layers of any kind can be detected in fractured or polished portions of these uniform porous plates composing the globular shell. They appear to be formed in the same manner and in the same part of the body as the hard parts of the stellerida we were last considering. All the calcareous portions of echinida, the plates, the tubercles, the spines, and perhaps the oral apparatus itself, appear to be deposited in the substance of the skin which envelops them on every side. You will observe by the polished sections of the plates, that the colouring matter of the surface passes generally under the base of the tubercles; and, in the polished transverse and longitudinal sections of the large spines, that it passes generally through their whole interior texture, as it does to some depth in the substance of the plates. Thus the plates, and tubercles, and spines, being everywhere surrounded with secreting, soft, animal matter, are kept constantly asunder, and the whole skeleton is enabled to expand, and to grow in the exact proportions of thickness and size required by the growing animal.

The pieces which compose the shell are polygonal, lengthened transversely with relation to the axis of the animal, and are disposed in perpendicular columns, extending from the mouth to the anus. The number of columns is very uniform in these animals, but the number of similar pieces composing a column, varies with the species and with the age of the individual. The new pieces which are added as the animal enlarges, are inserted at the anal margin, where they are, consequently, always small, and they appear not to be added at any other point. The pieces are thus gradually pushed down towards the middle or base of the column, by those which successively make their appearance at the upper narrow apex of each perpendicular series.

From the analogy of the articulated and molluscous classes of animals, I had formerly imagined that these plates of the echinodermata were exuded from the surface of the skin and beneath the epidermis, and that they increased in every dimension by the addition of calcareous matter to their inner surface and around all their margins. But the homogeneous internal structure of these pieces presents no trace of such successive depositions, and more closely resembles the porous textures of shells which are formed by one deposition, and which are periodically cast and renewed. The tubercles also on their outer surface have a distinct source of growth in the common superficial secreting skin which passes under their bases and around every calcareous portion of the skeleton. The thickening of the lateral margins of each tubercular plate during its growth, while the curve which its inner surface forms remains unchanged in the middle of the plate, accords more with the addition of matter to the outer than to the inner surface, and is added around the extending margins.

The plates composing the shell of the *echinus esculentus* are chiefly of two kind. The larger pieces have no perforations, and have the largest and most numerous tubercles on their outer surface. These *tubercular plates* are pentagonal, lengthened transversely, and compose ten perpendicular columns, disposed in pairs, which extend from the mouth, which is in the centre below, to the anus, which is diagonally opposite. The smaller plates have few tubercles on their outer surface, are perforated by pairs of small oblique apertures for the feet, and compose also ten perpendicular columns, disposed in pairs, which alternate with the pairs of tubercular plates. The number of plates in a column varies, as I have mentioned, according to the age or size of the animal, but in the large shell which I hold in my hand, there are thirty-two tubercular plates in each column, making 320 plates of that particular form in the ten columns. The tubercular plates, where they meet each other in the line of junction of each pair of columns, terminate in obtuse angles, which are inserted between the salient angles of the opposite column, so that the line of junction of two columns of tubercular plates, presents always a very regular serrated suture, which strengthens the articulation.

The perforated pieces, or *ambulacral plates*, are much more numerous than the former kind, and are placed in perpendicular pairs of columns in contact with each other; so that there are five pairs of these ambulacral columns also, which alternate with the pairs of tubercular columns. One half only of the surface of the ambulacral plates is perforated with oblique pairs of holes for the fleshy suckers of the *echinus*. The other half of these ambulacral plates is free from perforations, and tuberculated on the outer surface like the larger tuberculated plates. The columns of ambulacral plates meet each other by obtuse salient angles, and produce at their line of junction the same regular serrated suture as the larger plates. But the line of junction between the ambulacral and the tubercular columns is more irregular and minutely serrated. There are about two and a half of the ambulacral plates corresponding with the end of one tubercular plate, so that in this specimen of the *echinus* there are 80 ambulacral pieces in each column, or eight hundred ambulacral plates in the whole ten columns which are interposed between the ten columns of tubercular plates. Thus there are 1,120 pieces in the twenty columns which compose this shell. The ambulacral plates, however, appear to



e further subdivided at their perforated ends by small lines which pass through the middle of all the holes for the feet; so that these perforations seem not to pass through the solid porous substance of the shell, but to be placed between very small plates to allow of the increasing diameter of the holes during the whole growth of the feet. The minutely serrated appearance of the outer margin of the ambulacral pairs, where they join the tubercular pairs, is produced by the ends of these very small perforated pieces. Around the mouth of the *echinus*, and around the centre of the upper part, which is the anus, you will perceive that the plates have different forms from those composing the sides of the body. Those which compose the upper part around the anus, are perforated by five small round apertures placed at equal distances from each other. These five apertures around the anus give passage to the terminations of the five oviducts. Those five sacs of little round reproductive bodies in the *echinus* are the ovaries; and there is a little duct, as you will observe, which runs from each, and terminates at each of those perforations around the anus. Those heart-shaped perforated pieces are the genital plates. They have been also called the ovarial plates. They are called so to distinguish them from the others which are more uniform. Around the mouth you will observe extending inwards the muscular plates which give an extensive surface of attachment for the muscles that move the teeth—the apparatus for subdividing the food. These five internal plates correspond in number and in position with the five alveoli of the teeth. The alveoli of the teeth have here a lengthened pyramidal form; they are hollow; they are five in number; they are hard as the other parts of the skeleton, and they contain teeth of great length, one in each alveolus. The parts of the teeth which project beyond the mouth, which are capable of being thrust outwards a little way from the mouth, are extremely dense; but if you trace these five teeth upwards through the alveoli, you will find they are composed (and it is a curious subject for those who are inclined for minute inquiries into those matters) of minute shining crystalline fibres—fine as the finest asbestos. They are so soft in the upper part where they are newly formed, that between the fingers, like a piece of the finest down, you reduce them to their natural detached fibres. But as they are worn and reduced at their lower part, by acting on the shell-fishes on which they feed, this soft part passes down through the alveolus, is cemented by hard enamel, becomes harder by pressure, and is prepared for action by the time it arrives at the end of the alveolus, so that there is a constant renewal of these teeth above, and they are never perfected, but constantly keep growing. There is a remarkable resemblance in these to the teeth of the rodentia, the incisor teeth of which are never perfected, but are always rapidly worn away, and the pulp is always ready to renew them in proportion to their constant wearing. In the other forms of these globular echinodermata, belonging to the genus *cidaris*, you observe the same apparatus of teeth for mastication, and the same general arrangement of all the kinds of plates. I hold in my hand the *spatangus purpureus*, a beautiful species, principally found on our own coast, and you will observe in it that the plates on the upper surface are perforated in the same way by apertures, forming four ambulacra like the five pairs in the *echinus*; but in the mouth there are no alveoli nor teeth. The animals belonging to this genus *spatangus*, destitute of teeth, feed not on the same sort

of hard shell-fishes as those that have teeth, but take the moist sand and the minute animals it contains constantly into their intestine. The whole of their whole intestine is filled with the moist sands of the coast. There are thousands of animals which feed on nothing else but the living matter contained among the particles of sand on the sea coast. You will find the animals thus employed to get all the animalcules, all the red-blooded worms, and the myriads of soft minute molluscos and crustaceous animals which are mixed up with the moist sand. You will find them to have their stomachs and intestines in the living state gorged with sand. This requires no teeth on the part of the *spatangus*, and we find it to have none. The *spatangus*, as you will observe, has its body depressed; the mouth is not diagonally opposite the anus, but near the anterior margin below. The anus is at the margin behind. Now this depression of the whole body going on still, would lead us to the animals called clypeasters and scutellæ, in which the composition and texture, and the general structure and mode of growth of the skeletons, are the same. Such are the principal forms of the skeletons presented by the *echinida*, and the principal forms met with in this class.

(To be continued.)

## STANZAS.

BY THE REV. J. MOULTRIE.

In many a strain of grief and joy,  
My youthful spirit sang to thee;  
But I am now no more a boy,  
And there's a gulf 'twixt thee and me.  
Time on my brow has set his seal—  
I start to find myself a man,  
And know that I no more shall feel,  
As only boyhood's spirit can.  
And now I bid a long adieu,  
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,  
To cherished dreams of brightest hue,  
And thou—the brightest dream of all!  
My footsteps rove not where they roved,  
My home is changed, and one by one,  
The 'old familiar' forms I loved,  
Are faded from my path—and gone.  
I launch into life's stormy main,  
And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow,  
That pouring thus my parting strain,  
I bid thee, as a bride, good morrow.  
Full well thou knowest I envy not,  
The heart it is thy choice to share;  
My soul dwells on thee as a thought,  
With which no earthly wishes are.  
I love thee as I love the star,  
The gentle star that shines at even;  
That melts into my heart from far,  
And leads my wandering thoughts to heaven.  
'Twould break my soul's divinest dream,  
With meaner love to mingle thee;  
'Twould dim the most unearthly beam,  
Thy form sheds o'er my memory.  
It is my joy, it is my pride,  
To picture thee in bliss divine,  
A happy, and an honored bride—  
Blest by a fonder love than mine.  
Be thou to one a holy spell,  
A bliss by day—a dream by night—  
A thought on which his soul may dwell—  
A cheering and a guiding light.  
This be thy heart:—but while no other  
Disturbs his image at its core,  
Still think of me as of a brother—  
I'd not be loved or love thee more.  
For thee each feeling of my breast,

So holy—so serene shall be,  
That when thy heart to his is prest,  
'Twill be no crime to think of me.  
I shall not wander forth at night,  
To breathe thy name—as lovers would;  
Thy form in visions of delight,  
Not oft shall break my solitude;  
But when my bosom friends are near,  
And happy faces round me press;  
The goblet to my lips I'll rear,  
And drain it to thy happiness.  
And when at morn or midnight hour,  
I commune with my God alone,  
Before the throne of peace and power,  
I'll blend thy welfare with mine own.  
And if with pure and fervent sighs,  
I bend before some loved one's shrine,  
When gazing on her gentle eyes,  
I shall not blush to think of thine.  
Then when thou meet'st thy love's caress,  
And when thy children climb thy knee,  
In thy calm hour of happiness,  
Then, sometimes,—sometimes think of me.  
In pain or health—in grief or mirth,  
Oh, may it to my prayer be given,  
That we may sometimes meet on earth,  
And meet, to part no more, in heaven.

Etonian.

(For the Zodiac.)

## THE EXILES.

"*Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva;  
Nos patriam fugimus.*"—Virg.

Our readers will already perhaps have learnt from the New-York papers, that a number of Italians were disembarked some short time since from the Austrian brig of war, the *Hussar*, in which vessel they were brought over as exiles, for ever banished from the land of their birth, as political offenders. We have been kindly furnished by Mons. Tinelli, himself a sufferer, with the following details relative to the character of these unfortunate victims of despotism, and of the circumstances which caused their banishment to this country. We think they will be found interesting to the majority of our subscribers.

It is doubtless pretty generally known, as a matter of history, that Italy has for many centuries past been suffering under the yoke of political tyranny, and of priestly superstition—that her people have beheld with reluctance, her territory divided, overrun, in the possession of strangers, and her character as a nation almost obliterated. The apparent prosperity of the arts and sciences, of which she was the nursery, could not disguise the national degradation from her well educated sons, who from the time of Cola Rienzi and Petrarch, to the present day, have never ceased struggling to obtain the reunion of the different states, a national government, and the expulsion of her ancient foes, the Austrians.

The spirit of liberty, which the American Declaration of Independence, in 1776, awoke throughout Europe, and which has produced a sensation which is felt, but dare not be acknowledged by her sceptred tyrants—the rapid progress within the last half century, in every branch of the useful sciences, observable in every nation, the general diffusion of information, and the vast developments of our mental resources, had a very powerful influence on so ardent and susceptible a nation as the Italians. It was against their aspirations for liberty, and a national government, that the Austrians directed their fiercest malice, and in order to suppress them, persecuted with relentless rigor all men of the li-



beral party, who were conspicuous either by their talents and education, or position in society. The sentences of a corrupt tribunal soon filled the cells of the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia, with prisoners, who rapidly increased in numbers. It was in this horrid stronghold that men of the most distinguished merit were incarcerated, clothed like criminals, with bread and water their food, and straw their bedding. It was here, in this grave of Italian liberty, that numbers thus doomed, sunk under their mental and physical sufferings, whose remains now repose under the ramparts of this ancient fortress.

In 1835, when the present Emperor, Ferdinand the first, ascended the throne of his forefathers, he readily yielded to the dictates of a nature, naturally good, in favor of the unfortunate political prisoners. The intention was manifested of releasing all state prisoners, and of restoring these unhappy men to their homes, friends and families. These ideas of clemency and moderation however, were soon supplanted and dispelled by the intrigues of that servile party, which was powerfully backed by the influence of foreign cabinets. In lieu of a general amnesty, all who had been condemned to more than five years hard labor, were granted as a favor the privilege of expatriation to America, and that only under very severe restrictions. All of those who accepted this grace, and arrived in New-York, have suffered more or less in Austrian dungeons. Mons. Foresti, an old judge in the province of Venice, was confined eighteen years in the fortress of Spielberg. Messrs. Borsieri and Castilia, both doctors of law were imprisoned fifteen years. The remainder also, almost without an exception, belong to respectable families, and previous to their arrest were in the enjoyment of every advantage which their position and talents could procure them.

Among the number was Mons. Louis Tinelli, of Milan, of whom we have learnt some interesting particulars. He arrived in our city last fall, on a tour through the state of New-York, which he undertook with a view of becoming acquainted with the country, and of acquiring a knowledge of its soil, that should enable him better to effect the location of a silk manufactory, and commence the cultivation of the mulberry tree on a large scale, with all the improvements so recently introduced into this branch of industry in Lombardy. The following is a brief outline of his history.

His youth was devoted to classical and literary acquirements, together with a practical knowledge of the useful arts, more particularly the manufacturing of silk. On the termination of his studies, he took the degree of doctor of civil law, but an ardent and enterprising temperament led him to prefer the military profession. He soon obtained a commission as aid-de-camp in the service of the king of Sardinia, and there acquired the reputation of a brave soldier and a man of honor. It was not long, however, before he grew weary of the inactivity of garrison duty, was disgusted with the brutal system pursued by the Italian governments. He consequently left the service, and retired to his property, situated on the "Lago Maggiore," where by his example and influence he gave an impulse to every kind of agricultural and manufacturing improvement, and where ease and plenty soon abounded. He was three times elected deputy of his district, and his happiness was increased by his union to a young and amiable lady, whom he passionately loved, the daughter of the brave Gen. Battaille, aid to Napoleon. Two children were the fruit of

this marriage. Happy in his home, esteemed by his numerous friends, and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the reward of his industry, Mons. Tinelli looked forward with confidence for many happy days. In 1832 he was arrested by the police of Milan, on the charge of having published some articles which appeared in the paper "La Jeune Italie," issued at Marseilles.

After a long trial, in which an attempt was made to compel his wife to bear witness against him, and every art resorted to, he was condemned to death, as guilty of high treason. This punishment was commuted by the emperor to twenty years imprisonment, and afterwards to perpetual banishment to America.

Such are the men whom the despotic governments of Europe drive from them as subjects dangerous to the public weal. We trust that our countrymen will know how to appreciate them, and not confound them with the mass of adventurers who flock to our shores in search of a fortune they cannot earn at home, or to hide those crimes which forced them to fly. We trust American hospitality will indemnify these martyrs of liberty for all they have so long suffered, and that their talents and industry may not be lost to our country. K.

From the Edinburgh Review.

#### STATE OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

*With an examination of some of the principal objections to its study.*

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Continued.)

From this bold and lofty principle the duties of the Literary man are deduced with scientific precision; and stated, in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric. Fichte's metaphysical theory may be called in question, and readily enough misapprehended; but the sublime stoicism of his sentiments will find some response in many a heart.—We must add the conclusion of his first discourse, as a farther illustration of his manner:

"In disquisitions of the sort like ours of to-day, which all the rest, too, must resemble, the generality are wont to censure: First, their severity; very often on the good natured supposition that the speaker is not aware how much his rigor must displease us; that we have but frankly to let him know this, and then doubtless he will reconsider himself, and soften his statements. Thus, we said above, that a man, who after literary culture had not arrived at knowledge of the Divine Idea, or did not strive towards it, was in strict speech Nothing; and farther down, we said that he was a Bungler. This is in the style of those unmerciful expressions, by which philosophers give such offence.—Now looking away from the present case, that we may front the maxim in its general shape, I remind you that this species of character, without decisive force to renounce all respect for Truth, seeks merely to bargain and cheapen something out of her, whereby itself on easier terms may attain to some consideration. But truth, which once for all is as she is, and cannot alter aught of her nature, goes on her way; and there remains for her, in regard to those who desire her not simply because she is true, nothing else, but to leave them standing as if they had never addressed her.

"Then farther, discourses of this sort are wont to be censured as unintelligible. Thus I figure to myself,—nowise you, Gentlemen, but some completed Literary Man of the second species, whose eye the disquisition here entered upon chanced to meet, as

coming forward, doubting this way and that, and at last reflectively exclaiming: 'The Idea, the Divine Idea, that which lies at the bottom of Appearance: what pray may *this* mean?' Of such a questioner I would inquire in turn: 'What pray may this question mean?'—Investigate it strictly, it means in most cases nothing more than this, 'Under what other names, and in what other formulas do I already know this same thing, which thou expressest by so strange and to me so unknown a symbol?' And to this again in most cases the only suitable reply were, 'Thou knowest this thing not at all, neither under this, nor under any other name; and wouldst thou arrive at the knowledge of it, thou must even now begin at the beginning to make study thereof; and then, most fitly, under that name by which it is first presented to thee!'"

With such a notion of the Artist, it were a strange inconsistency did Criticism show itself unscientific or lax in estimating the products of his Art. For light on this point, we might refer to the writings of almost any individual among the German critics: take, for instance, the *Charakteristiken* of the two Schlegels, a work too of their younger years; and say whether in depth, clearness, minute and patient fidelity, these *Characters* have often been surpassed, or the import and poetic worth of so many poets and poems more vividly and accurately brought to view. As an instance of a much higher kind, we might refer to Goethe's criticism of *Hamlet* in his *Wilhelm Meister*. This truly is what may be called the poetry of criticism; for it is in some sort also a creative art; aiming, at least to reproduce under a different shape the existing product of the poet; painting to the intellect what already lay painted to the heart and the imagination. Nor is it over poetry alone that criticism watches with such loving strictness; the mimic, the pictorial, the musical arts, all modes of representing or addressing the highest nature of man, are acknowledged as younger sisters of Poetry, and fostered with like care. Winkelmann's *History of Plastic Art* is known by repute to all readers: and of those who know it by inspection, many may have wondered why such a work has not been added to our own literature, to instruct our own statuaries and painters. On this subject of the plastic arts, we cannot withhold the following little sketch of Goethe's, as a specimen of pictorial criticism in what we consider a superior style. It is of an imaginary landscape-painter, and his views of Swiss scenery; it will bear to be studied minutely, for there is no word without its meaning:

"He succeeds in representing the cheerful repose of lake prospects, where houses in friendly approximation, imaging themselves in the clear wave, seem as if bathing in its depths; shores encircled with green hills, behind which rise forest mountains, and icy peaks of glaciers. The tone of coloring in such scenes is gay, mirthfully clear; the distances as if overflowed with softening vapor, which from watered hollows and river valleys mounts up grayer and mistier, and indicates their windings. No less is the master's art to be praised in views from valleys lying nearer the high Alpine ranges, where declivities slope down, luxuriantly overgrown, and fresh streams roll hastily along by the foot of rocks.

"With exquisite skill, in the deep shady trees of the foreground, he gives the distinctive character of the several species; satisfying us in the form of the whole, as in the structure of the branches, and the details of the leaves; no less so, in the fresh



green with its manifold shadings, where soft airs appear as if fanning us with benignant breath, and the lights as if thereby put in motion.

In the middle-ground, his lively green tone grows fainter by degrees; and at last, on the more distant mountain-tops, passing into weak violet, weds itself with the blue of the sky. But our artist is above all happy in his paintings of high Alpine regions; in seizing the simple greatness and stillness of their character; the wide pastures on the slopes, where dark solitary firs stand forth from the grassy carpet; and from high cliffs, foaming brooks rush down. Whether he relieve his pastures with grazing cattle, or the narrow winding rocky path with mules and laden pack-horses, he paints all with equal truth and richness; still, introduced in the proper place, and not in too great copiousness, they decorate and enliven these scenes, without interrupting, without lessening their peaceful solitude. The execution testifies a master's hand; easy, with a few sure strokes, and yet complete. In his later pieces, he employed glittering English permanent-colours on paper: these pictures, accordingly, are of pre-eminently blooming tone; cheerful, yet at the same time, strong and sated.

His views of deep mountain-chasms, where round and round, nothing fronts us but dead rock, where, in the abyss, overspanned by its bold arch, the wild stream rages, are, indeed, of less attraction than the former: yet their truth excites us; we admire the great effect of the whole, produced at so little cost, by a few expressive strokes, and masses of local colors.

With no less accuracy of character can he represent the regions of the topmost Alpine ranges, where neither tree nor shrub any more appears; but only amid the rocky teeth and snow summits, a few sunny spots clothe themselves with a soft sward. Beautiful, and balmy and inviting as he colors these spots, he has here wisely forbore to introduce grazing herds; for these regions give food only to the chamois, and a perilous employment to the wild-hay-men.\*

We have extracted this passage from *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre*, Goethe's last Novel. The perusal of his whole works would show, among many other more important facts, that Criticism also is a science of which he is master; that if ever any man had studied Art in all its branches and bearings, from its origin in the depths of the creative spirit, to its minutest finish on the canvass of the painter, on the lips of the poet, or under the finger of the musician, he was that man. A nation which appreciates such studies, nay, requires and rewards them, cannot, wherever its defects may lie, be defective in judgment of the arts.

But a weightier question still remains. What has been the fruit of this its high and just judgment on these matters? What has Criticism profited it, to the bringing forth of good works? How to its poems and its poets correspond with so lofty a standard? We answer, that on this point also, Germany may rather court investigation than fear it. There are poets in that country who belong to a nobler class than most nations have to show in these days; a class entirely unknown to some nations; and for the last two centuries, rare in all. We have no hesitation in stating, that we see in cer-

tain of the best German poets, and those too of our own time, something which associates them, remotely or nearly we say not, but which does associate them with the Masters of Art, the Saints of Poetry, long since departed, and, as we thought, without successors, from the earth; but canonized in the hearts of all generations, and yet living to all by the memory of what they did and were.—Glances we do seem to find to that etherial glory, which looks on us in its full brightness from the *Transfiguration* of Raffaele, from the *Tempest* of Shakspeare; and in broken, but purest and still heart-piercing beams, struggling through the gloom of long ages, from the tragedies of Sophocles and the weather-worn sculptures of the Parthenon.—This is that heavenly spirit, which, best seen in the ærial embodiment of poetry, but spreading likewise over all the thoughts and actions of an age, has given us Surreys, Sydneys, Raleighs in court and camp; Cecils in policy, Hookers in divinity, Bacons in philosophy, and Shakspeares and Spencers in song. All hearts that know this, know it to be the highest; and that, in poetry or elsewhere, it alone is true and imperishable. In affirming that any vestige, however feeble, of this divine spirit, is discernible in German poetry, we are aware that we place it above the existing poetry of any other nation.

To prove this bold assertion, logical arguments were at all times unavailing; and, in the present circumstances of the case, more than usually so.—Neither will any extract or specimen help us; for it is not in parts, but in whole poems, that the spirit of a true poet is to be seen. We can, therefore, only name such men as Tieck, Richter, Herder, Schiller, and above all, Goethe; and ask any reader who has learned to admire wisely our own literature of Queen Elizabeth's age, to peruse these writers also; to study them till he feels that he has understood them, and justly estimated both their light and darkness; and then to pronounce whether it is not, in some degree, as we have said? Are there not tones here of that old melody? Are there not glimpses of that serene soul, that calm harmonious strength, that smiling earnestness, that Love and Faith and Humanity of nature? Do these foreign contemporaries of ours still exhibit in their characters as men something of that sterling nobleness, that union of majesty with meekness, which we must ever venerate in those our spiritual fathers! And do their works, in the new form of this century, show forth that old nobleness, not consistent only, with the science, the precision, the scepticism of these days, but wedded to them, incorporated with them, and shining through them like their life and soul? Might it in truth almost seem to us, in reading the prose of Goethe, as if we were reading that of Milton; and of Milton writing with the culture of this time; combining French clearness with old English depth? And of his poetry may it indeed be said that it is poetry, and yet the poetry of our own generation; an ideal world, and yet the world we even now live in?—These questions we must leave candid and studious inquirers to answer for themselves; premising only, that the secret is not to be found on the surface; that the first reply is likely to be in the negative, but with inquirers of this sort, by no means likely to be the final one.

To ourselves, we confess, it has long so appeared. The poetry of Goethe, for instance, we reckon to be Poetry, sometimes in the very highest sense of that word; yet it is no reminiscence, but something actually present and before us; no look-

ing back into an antique Fairy-land, divided by impassable abysses from the real world as it lies about us and within us; but a looking round upon that real world itself, now rendered holier to our eyes, and once more become a solemn temple; where the spirit of Beauty still dwells, and, under new emblems, to be worshipped as of old. With Goethe, the mythologies of by-gone days pass only for what they are: we have no witch-craft or magic in the common acceptation; and spirits no longer bring with them airs from heaven or blasts from hell; for Pandemonium and the steadfast Empyrean have faded away, since the opinions which they symbolized no longer are. Neither does he bring his heroes from remote Oriental climates, or periods of Chivalry, or any section either of Atlantis or the Age of Gold; feeling that the reflex of these things is cold and faint, and only hangs like a cloud picture in the distance, beautiful but delusive, and which even the simplest know to be delusion.—The end of poetry is higher: she must dwell in reality, and become manifest to men in the forms among which they live and move. And this is what we prize in Goethe, and more or less in Schiller and the rest; all of whom, each in his own way, are writers of a similar aim. The coldest sceptic, the most callous worldling, sees not the actual aspects of life more sharply than they are here delineated; the nineteenth century stands before us, in all its contradiction and perplexity; barren, mean, and baleful, as we have all known it; yet here no longer mean or barren, but enamelled into beauty in the poet's spirit; for its secret significance is laid open, and thus, as it were, the life-giving fire that slumbers in it is called forth, and flowers and foliage, as of old, are springing on its bleakest wildernesses, and overmantling its sternest cliffs. For these men have not only the clear eye, but the loving heart. They have penetrated into the mystery of Nature; after long trial they have been initiated; and to unwearied endeavor, Art has at last yielded her secret; and thus can the Spirit of our Age, embodied in fair imaginations, look forth on us, earnest and full of meaning, from their works. As the first and indispensable condition of good poets, they are wise and good men: much they have seen and suffered, and they have conquered all this, and made it all their own; they have known life in its heights and depths, and mastered it in both, and can teach others what it is, and how to lead it rightly. Their minds are as a mirror to us, where the perplexed image of our own being is reflected back in soft and clear interpretation. Here mirth and gravity are blended together: wit rests on deep devout wisdom, as the green sward with its flowers must rest on the rock, whose foundations reach downward to the centre. In a word, they are Believers; but their faith is no sallow plant of darkness; it is green and flowery, for it grows in the sunlight. And this faith is the doctrine they have to teach us, the sense which, under every noble and graceful form, it is their endeavor to set forth:

As all Nature's thousand changes,  
But one changeless God proclaim,  
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges  
One sole meaning, still the same:  
This is Truth, eternal Reason,  
Which from Beauty takes its dress,  
And, serene through time and season,  
Stands for aye in loveliness.

Such indeed is the end of Poetry at all times; yet in no recent literature known to us, except the German, has it been so far attained; nay, perhaps

\*The poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,  
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,  
To mow the common grass from nooks and shelves,  
To which the cattle dare not climb.

Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*.



so much as consciously and steadfastly attempted.

The reader feels that if this our opinion be in any measure true, it is a truth of no ordinary moment. It concerns not this writer or that; but it opens to us new views on the fortune of spiritual culture with ourselves and all nations. Have we not heard gifted men complaining that Poetry had passed away without return; that creative imagination consorted not with vigor of intellect, and that in the cold light of science there was no longer room for faith in things unseen? The old simplicity of heart was gone; earnest emotions must no longer be expressed in earnest symbols; beauty must recede into elegance, devoutness of character be replaced by clearness of thought, and grave wisdom by shrewdness and *persiflage*. Such things we have heard, but hesitated to believe them. If the poetry of the Germans, and this not by theory but by example, have proved, or even begun to prove, the contrary, it will deserve far higher encomiums than any we have passed upon it.

*To be continued.*

[For the Zodiac.]

During a visit to the south side of Long Island, made some years ago, I became acquainted with the author of the following lines, which I send you for insertion in the Zodiac. They were probably his first and last attempt at versification, and must have been written when he was upwards of seventy years old. In his younger days he was a merchant in New-York or Brooklyn, but closed his business at the commencement of the revolution, intending to resume it whenever the war should end. In the mean time he removed to the interior of the Island, where he occupied himself in various pursuits. At one time, no suitable person offering himself as a schoolmaster, he accepted the station, and discharged its duties in the most creditable manner. Possessing however a handsome estate, with strictly economical habits, he was able, without any dereliction from duty, to indulge his taste for rural sports, which the abundance of game in his vicinity probably increased, if it did not occasion. He had married at an early period of his life, but losing his wife within a few months, remained ever after single, and gradually acquired many of those peculiarities, which are generally supposed to be the exclusive property of the fraternity of bachelors. He was withal generous and charitable to an extent far beyond what was generally attributed to him, and distinguished himself by the zeal with which he labored in every benevolent cause that presented itself. Thus years had almost insensibly passed away, and at the time I speak of, in recounting to me some of the incidents of his life, he remarked, when speaking of the intention which he had entertained of resuming his mercantile business, "that he began to think he was now almost too old to return to shop-keeping." Availing myself of my acquaintance with his habits, I strove to accommodate myself to them, and having been invited to accompany him on a fishing excursion—a very great compliment from him—conducted myself so much to his satisfaction, that he replied to an acquaintance, who asked him how he liked his companion, "that I was so quiet that he might as well have been alone." In fact, the amiable and somewhat quaint manners of the old gentleman delighted me, fresh as I was from the perusal of Izaak Walton, whom indeed I fancied he resembled in many particulars, and I should hardly have forgiven myself, if I had given him the least annoyance. In short, he initiated me into the mysteries of weaving hair

lines, making artificial flies and jointed fishing rods, in all which he was an adept, and more than all, told me that he had attempted to rhyme—showed me his verses—and ended by allowing me to copy them. My regard for him may probably exert a greater influence than I am aware of, but I cannot but believe that the brothers of the gentle craft will see in them some of the homely but honest spirit, that constitutes the charm of old Izaak. But whatever difference of opinion may be entertained of his verse; of his life, from youth to honored age, there can be none, and those who knew JOHN LEFFERTS, will feel that, when applied to him, Bryant's beautiful lines are no less true than poetical:

"His youth was innocent—his riper age  
Marked with some act of goodness every day,  
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,  
Faded his late declining years away.  
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went  
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-spent."

#### ON RURAL SPORTS.

Among the rural sports we find,  
Some suit the body, some the mind;  
Some men use exercise for health,  
And others labor hard for wealth;  
Some people play about the street,  
And others work for bread and meat;  
Some are with too much time oppressed,  
And other scarce find time to rest;  
Some sit at work from spring to fall,  
And others scarcely sit at all;  
Some want more motion, some more rest,  
'Tis best to do what suits us best.

The man who labors for his bread,  
And scarce finds time when out of bed  
To rest his weary limbs, or read,  
Or visit friends in time of need,  
Is quite refreshed if he can sit  
But half an hour 'and rest and chat;  
Or after dinner on his seat  
Can take a nap so sound and sweet,  
That he can say with truth and glee,  
These are the best of sports for me.  
These laborers in their useful station,  
Need not work for recreation,  
Nor play at ball, nor blind man's buff,  
For they have exercise enough.  
But there are some who read and write,  
And pore o'er books by day and night,  
And meditate by night and day,  
And scarcely take an hour to play.  
To these a little exercise

Is good for health as well eyes.  
No doubt some rural sport would tend  
The mind from study to unbend,  
The body wants some recreation,  
The mind from study, relaxation.

But there are some don't work nor play,  
But lounge about the livelong day,  
Or often into taverns get,  
And sit and drink, and drink and sit,  
Till hunger gnaws their stomachs so,  
That they must eat, and home they go.

Some when at home, do little there,  
But eat and drink and curse and swear,  
And scold and quarrel, fume and fret,  
Or in the corner idly sit,  
Till servants, daughters, wife and son,  
Do almost hate the sight of one,  
Who by his conduct and neglect,  
Hath lost all family respect.

Now my dear friends, ye useless few,  
Hark I will tell you what to do.  
Since you don't work, nor read nor write,  
Nor drive a stage, nor preach, nor fight,  
Try rural sports, perhaps they'll prove  
A stimulus your limbs to move.  
Fishing and shooting, like a potion,  
May put your whole machine in motion.  
Come see the angler fixing out  
To try his luck among the trout;  
Is distance great and prospect small?  
These don't discourage him at all;  
With bait and basket, rod and nets,  
So well equipp'd, and off he sets.  
Perhaps he walks some miles through mud,  
He don't mind that, 'twill do him good;  
His water boots keep out the wet,  
And tho' fatigued he does not fret,  
For perseverance, back'd by hope,  
Will always keep the spirits up.

At last he sees the wish'd for spot,  
And there perhaps he finds a boat—  
If that's the case, it does him please,  
He's fixed, and down he sits at ease;  
And if the fish at first prove shy,  
He's still in hopes they'll bite bye and bye;  
Have patience, for without this part  
'Tis hard to learn the anglers' art.

Stop! stop a little, not too fast,  
By jolly, there's a bite at last.  
The darting quill will quickly show,  
A fish hath seized the bait below;  
The bending rod will prove at last  
The fish is absolutely fast;  
He shakes his head, runs proper fine,  
And cuts the water with the line.  
He's large, don't hurry, let him run,  
(But turn him often) 'till he's done,  
And when he does begin to float,  
Then draw him gently to the boat,  
And in your net the fellow dish;  
This is the way to catch the fish.

Thus much for fish—now for the gun;  
'Well that's what I like,' answers one.  
No! I hate work, and study ease,  
Yet gunning doth me so well please,  
That of the gun I ne'er was tired,  
'Tis always what I have admired.

Well, my dear friends, suppose you try it;  
Tho' you should make no money by it,  
Yet you, like others, love good health,  
Good drink, good sleep, as well as wealth.  
Now this will give you appetite,  
To eat by day, to sleep by night;  
Much better this, than idle be—  
We all require activity.

Now let's inquire, without disputing,  
Wherein consists the love of shooting:  
Is it because the fashion's so?  
You'll join with me, and answer no.  
Is it because it makes a noise?  
No, that might do for little boys.  
Or is it profit makes some try it?  
When others don't make sixpence by it.  
One thing I know—and that is this—  
It don't consist in shooting 'miss;  
Then 'tis not hard for one to tell,  
It must consist in shooting well.

When weather suits, and fowl do fly,  
The fowler fix'd, and birds come nigh,  
The dexterous marksman takes his aim,  
And pulls his trigger on the game;  
The shot doth hit, which makes a slaughter,  
And down they drop upon the water;



The faithful dog plungeth the bay,  
And brings them to the shore straightway;  
By sight or scent he acts his part,  
And does it with a willing heart—  
He braves all danger or disaster,  
And risks his life to serve his master.

In former times, when I was young,  
The gunners took their dogs along.  
Then dogs in gunning took delight,  
And then they claimed it as their right—  
But now the dogs all right disclaim,  
And every man picks up his game.

Now they that generally shoot right,  
Must in all this take great delight.

Thus much for shooting—now let's see  
What good there can in all this be—  
For all this toil, fatigue and trouble.  
Why my dear friends they'll pay you double.  
'Tis you (those epicures, I mean)  
Who will, in spite of gout or spleen,  
Indulge in luxury and ease,  
And to excess your palates please,  
Who sit and talk, and drink and eat,  
And scarcely move your clumsy feet;  
For they that nothing do but sit,  
Are fit for nothing else but that.

Likewise my friends, those useless few,  
Whom I advised what to do,  
Who will not work, nor read, nor write,  
Nor drive nor fiddle; fish, nor fight.  
If I but make these matters out,  
They'll pay you double without doubt.  
Fishing and shooting, I suppose,  
May work the cures I propose.

They cure the hip, prevent the gout,  
Make men robust, hardy and stout.  
And like a horse, well fed and train'd,  
Fit men to lend a helping hand  
In time of need, abroad, at home,  
Or when or where the call may come.  
They make the lazy stir himself  
Much more than he would do for pelf.  
Sport draws the sluggard from his nest,  
While night extends from east to west.  
For sport the rich will take the oar,  
And work his boat from shore to shore;  
And numbers while they sport pursue,  
Get exercise and money too.

This is not all—for there's the pleasure  
Of pleasing friends, when we have leisure,  
By treating them with many a dish  
Of clams, or oysters, fowl or fish,  
Muscles, scallops, birds or berries,  
Apples, peaches, pears or cherries;  
Or any game, from land or sea,  
For pleasing others pleaseth me.

There's one thing more I wish to mention,  
And think it worthy of attention,  
And if you'll take it not amiss,  
It barely is no more than this;  
For to be useless in a nation,  
Is a poor, mean consideration;  
For who, possess'd of life and spirit,  
But would be pleased with the merit  
Of having done some little good,  
Or getting something fit for food;  
For I aver, and sure I am,  
That he who gets only one clam,  
That he, or some one else doth eat,  
Hath thus far furnished useful meat;  
Tho' small, 'tis something better still,  
Than to do nothing, or do ill.

But to conclude—can it be right,  
For men enjoying health and sight,

And youth, and strength, and learning too,  
To live and have nothing to do?

I have my doubts, I must confess,  
Man was not made for idleness.

Then let's remind the lazy cheat,  
That he that works not, should not eat.  
But one and all should try to be  
Of some use in society.

And lest through idleness we stray,  
Let's hear what Dr. Watts doth say:  
"In works of labor, or of skill,  
I would be busy too,  
For Satan finds out mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

#### ELEMENTS OF METEOROLOGY.

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[Translated for the Zodiac.]

#### CHAPTER I., SECTION 3.—(Continued.)

##### CAUSES OF THE COLD WHICH PREVAILS ON MOUNTAINS AND IN ELEVATED REGIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

We shall not attempt to give the history of the numerous and strange hypotheses which have been formed to explain the thermometrical state of the atmosphere and of high mountains: this subject presented itself to the imagination, and it must be confessed, that imagination has handled it with a perfect luxuriance of invention: we may add, that the most recent works still retain something of it. Yet this phenomenon appears to us very simple, it results from certain properties of the air, which are now well known, and which have been verified by experiment; they are as follows:

1. Free (or unconfined) air warms slowly and cools quickly.
2. Warm air rises by its superior lightness.
3. Expanded air acquires a greater capacity for caloric.

The first of these properties is the only one which here requires development, the two others are demonstrated in most of the treatises on natural philosophy.

In order that what we mean, when we say that free air warms slowly and cools quickly, may be better understood, we shall first illustrate this property in another transparent body, glass, for instance. Suppose a glass ball of several inches in diameter, having a temperature of  $212^{\circ}$  in all its parts, to be placed in the middle of an exhausted receiver, whose sides are kept at the temperature of  $32^{\circ}$ , this ball will cool, according to certain very complicated laws: but whatever these laws may be, we know that the central molecules will cool *directly*, that is, that they will send out caloric rays, which having passed through the thickness of the glass, will then pass through the vacuum about it, and will be absorbed by the sides of the receiver. Thus the molecules of the surface will not be the only ones that lose heat, as in opaque bodies, and the cooling will be more rapid, because it does not take place from particle to particle.

Let the experiment, now, be reversed: put the ball at  $32^{\circ}$  in an exhausted receiver, whose sides are kept at  $212^{\circ}$ . The caloric rays emanating from the sides, will freely pass through the transparent ball, they will be but partially absorbed and inversely to the height of the temperature of the sides: the warming will therefore be very gradual.

Thus in bodies which are transparent to heat, the

time required for heating may be incomparably greater than that required for cooling.

This is precisely what happens to the atmosphere, for gases are eminently permeable by radiant heat, and besides the rays of solar heat are of all caloric rays those which are absorbed in least proportions by transparent bodies. When the sky is clear, the atmosphere is freely traversed by solar heat, and acquires from it but a slight elevation of temperature.\* When the air is foggy, filled with vesicular vapor or loaded with clouds, the solar heat is absorbed in large proportions, the whole vapor stratum of the atmosphere assumes a higher temperature, and rises by its superior lightness: but it is at the same time cooled by two causes—its dilatation in rising—and its radiation from all its parts—and particularly towards the upper regions of the sky, where, according to the theory, the air has remained pure and transparent.

Thus in the midst of the atmosphere, pure air is but slightly heated by the sun, and if foggy air possesses the properties of being warmed more readily, it has also that of cooling quickly.

Still while atmospherical air is but slightly warmed by radiation, it is rapidly warmed by contact with the ground, and it seems at first glance that the whole mass of the atmosphere should be warmed, as is a body of water confined in a vessel, whose bottom and sides were in contact with flame. Unquestionably if the bottom of a lake was warmed only  $86^{\circ}$  or  $100^{\circ}$ , as is at every instant the surface of the ground over the third or fourth part of the globe, we should soon find its upper layers participating in this elevation of temperature. And every thing seems similar in the two cases, for the air rises like water, by its specific lightness. But between the air and the water there is an essential difference: it is, that water retains a constant capacity for caloric, whilst the capacity of the air for caloric increases with its dilatation. Thus, let us suppose a cubic foot of air, at the surface of the ground, having a temperature of  $70^{\circ}$ : suppose that it rises 100 feet, and that at this height the molecules which compose it have a temperature no higher than  $60^{\circ}$ , we must not infer that during its ascent it has parted with  $10^{\circ}$  of heat to the other molecules it has encountered, for in passing to a lower degree of pressure, this cubic foot has attained a greater volume, and from that cause alone it has absorbed a portion of its own heat: if it has absorbed  $7^{\circ}5$ , it could not have imparted to the molecules it encountered but  $2^{\circ}5$ , instead of  $10^{\circ}$ . On the contrary, the cubic foot of air which has descended to supply its place has become compressed in its descent, and has parted with caloric to the lower strata. Thus from the properties of air and the constitution of the atmosphere, all the causes of increased temperature are confined to the lower portions.

It is easy, therefore, to analyze the phenomena, which occur on the sides and at the summits of mountains.

At the height of 6,560 or 9,840 feet above the level of the ocean, and also of the lower continental plains, in the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Equatorial Andes, let us suppose a valley or plain of sufficient extent.

At these elevations the air being generally more

\* From statements made to the British Association at its meeting in Cambridge, in 1833, by Sir John Herschell, it appears from numerous experiments, made with the actinometer, that in the clearest weather the force of solar radiation is diminished by about one-fifth in passing through a column of 6,000 feet of the purest air.—TR



pure, and less humid than on the low grounds, the solar rays would exert a greater influence on the surface of the ground: and if this cause alone acted, the temperature of the ground would become higher than it would be at the level of the sea. But to this cause of warming is added a more powerful cause of cooling: for if the purity of the air favors the arrival of the solar rays, it also facilitates and much more effectually, the departure of the calorific rays which are thrown forth during the day and night by the radiating power of the ground. Thus supposing that the wind never blows over elevated plateaus, we should have during the day a temperature probably a little higher than on plains, and during the night one much lower, which would give a lower mean temperature as the final result. The influence of currents of air and winds makes a still broader distinction. We have seen that at 6,560 or 9,840 feet above the level of the sea and plains, the air is much colder than in the lower portions of it, which repose upon the latter; and it is this colder air which always envelopes these elevated plateaus and incessantly blows over their surface. This second cause of a diminution of the temperature is usually the most powerful, and it is also in elevated situations where it acts most powerfully, that we find proportionally a more intense cold.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the mass of the mountains, the extent of the plateaus, the depth of the valleys, the direction of the slopes, the humidity of the soil, and many other circumstances, incessantly modify the action of the wind and the radiation of night, and consequently the mean temperature of any place.

(To be continued.)

[For the Zodiac.]

#### GLASGOW.

This great town, the products of whose manufacturing may be found in every known country, boasts a population of 200,000 souls. The bustle that prevails in the manufacturing towns of Great Britain defies all description, and the effect which it produced upon my mind on entering Glasgow, was, strange as it may seem, similar to the excitement caused by the spectacle of some grand phenomenon of Nature. Nearly the same emotions are caused by the full development of man's powers, as by the wonders of the natural world, although when brought into immediate contrast with each other, the works of the former, so far from commanding admiration, actually excite our pity and contempt; but considered apart, as the result of human exertions, they not unfrequently excite the most profound sentiments of awe and grandeur. The most ardent admirer of nature has never denied these attributes to the great Pyramid of Egypt, or the mighty dome of St. Peter's, at Rome—and thus was I in some degree affected by the gigantic scale of industry characterizing the scenes that passed before me. I arrived in the mail-coach from Edinburgh after a rapid journey of four hours' duration, over one of those magnificent roads for which Scotland is so justly celebrated. We entered Glasgow through a long suburb, in every direction of which were to be seen factories, foundries, and glass-houses, rearing their lofty chimnies in the air, which vomited forth clouds of dense black smoke, that, from the heaviness of the atmosphere, again descended to the earth like a canopy; and our ears were saluted with the roaring and clanking of numerous steam engines, accompanied with the confused and multitudinous sounds of the machinery set in motion by them. On leaving the suburbs,

as the business quarter of the city is approached, the traveller is stunned with the noise of carts without number, rumbling and clattering away to the harbor with their respective loads of bales, boxes, rods of steel or iron and other goods. Now is heard the bugle of the coach-guard mail-coach, with its four blood horses, reeking with sweat, dashing along towards the post-office, whither may be seen hurrying along the crowded pavement pale-faced clerks, and anxious looking principals. The houses, six stories in height, are covered with the signs of tradesmen, manufacturers and counting rooms. The smallest chamber in any of these tenements returns a rent, that by many would be considered a handsome income. The streets are literally teeming with life; here the philanthropist and philosopher have an ample field for the exercise of practical benevolence, or useful instruction. Who can remark, without deeply feeling the unhappy situation of a great part of our species, the haggard and careworn countenances that every instant meet his gaze in the multitudes that pour down the thoroughfares of Glasgow? Look at that middle aged man, his face is pale, emaciated, and marked with the lines of grief; perhaps he is returning to a starving family with the miserable pittance allotted to the day's hard work of an operative at the loom. There follows, with dejected steps, his hands thrust dog-gardly into his pockets, his head bowed down with the debilitating effects of hunger and poverty, a tradesman out of employ. What comes next? A female with dishevelled hair, reeling and shrieking in all the frenzy of drunken madness. And next may be seen a poor little sempstress, trudging along with a load of needle work under her arm, her eyes are sunken with fatigue and ill health; she must toil not only by daylight, but ply her little fingers by the uncertain gleam of a rushlight, until the night is far spent.

The streets in those parts of the town where business is transacted, are filthy and muddy in the extreme; and the houses, from their propinquity to the smoky factories, have acquired a peculiarly gloomy aspect; but towards the west, the general appearance of the city gradually improves the further it is removed from the cause of contamination, until it reaches the residences of the wealthy, where handsome squares and elegant mansions proclaim, as well the good taste of the inhabitants, as the complete success that has crowned their labors in the dingy counting-houses of the less favored districts of Glasgow.

For many years past, however, it has become a fashion for those who have amassed fortunes, to remove to the more retired and elegant retreat afforded in the metropolis of Scotland, where they polish their manners to suit their new circumstances, and educate their children in those seminaries of learning which have conferred so great a reputation upon the modern Athens. The days of the Bailies Nicol Jarvie have passed away, and instead of perilous excursions to the Highlands, connected with the merits of "gude braid clath," oft repeated over the honest punch bowl, the wealthy tradesman now sips claret, cuts the shop, and extols with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur the beauties of ancient sculpture, of chef d'œuvres of paintings, and the clear blue skies of Italy. Such are the improvements of the age, and if he be at first unwilling to avail himself of them, the womankind attached to his household, fired with laudable ambition, leave none of their arts of persuasion untried, and he must be obdurate and hardened indeed if these be withstood.

*Blytheswood-square*, besides possessing many merits of its own, is further remarkable from the circumstance of three of its inhabitants, living next door to each other, who rejoice in the names of *Mr. Black*, *Mr. Mack*, and *Mr. Jack*. Not far from the square stands a large group in bronze, by Chantrey, representing the downfall of Napoleon, in which the Duke of Wellington is made to place his foot on the prostrate emperor's neck. Though far from compassionating the reverses that befel the *arch despot*, I was shocked at the coarseness of the conception.

There are some fine public buildings situated near this quarter of the town; the *Exchange* is a large pile of recent construction, and in the Doric style of architecture; it is extremely beautiful. The reading-room is an extensive and splendid chamber, on the ground floor, and strangers are allowed free access to it for the space of one month. I was told that they are so well watched by the guardians, that should they come but one day after the allotted period has expired, they are certain of being reminded of the regulation. Immediately adjoining is the *Royal Bank*, which seems at first sight to form a part of the other building. These two buildings are hidden by the houses around them; and as property is immensely valuable in this situation, it will take sometime before sufficient funds shall have been collected to purchase it; till then they must remain concealed like a stature covered with a horse-rug. The next object that has a claim upon the stranger's attention is the *Royal Arcade*, a very elegant one of its kind; but as is the fate of most arcades, there appears to be but little business transacted in it; it principally seems as a shelter to people caught in a shower of rain; for my part I had occasion to avail myself of it for that purpose more than once during my short stay in Glasgow.

The *University* is an antique edifice enclosing a square, paved with stone flags worn smooth by the footsteps of many a generation of students; it is in a wonderful state of preservation, and will remain for a long time to come, an honorable and interesting monument of the love of knowledge, that has distinguished the Scottish people for so many centuries. In the grounds attached to it, a classic building has been erected as a receptacle for the museum of anatomical preparations, bequeathed to the university by the celebrated William Hunter; other objects of value are being added to it every day, and its increasing merits will soon cause it to be ranked among the best collections in Europe. Besides the anatomical preparations, there is a collection of miscellaneous curiosities; of these the most interesting is a marble likeness of Sir Isaac Newton, copied from a cast taken after his death. The features are massive, but bear an expression of sublimity that I did not previously suppose the human countenance was susceptible of conveying. It was executed by Flaxman's father, and was presented by his son, the celebrated sculptor. The description accompanying it is in the hand-writing of the donor. The reputation of the university is not so great as it was formerly, although it still holds a respectable standing among the schools. The expenses attending an education here are moderate in comparison with other colleges in Great Britain, and the various collegiate honors are obtained in a shorter space of time. These circumstances have their due weight with poor or unambitious aspirants, as the great number of students who resort here will testify. Its fame is eclipsed by its rival in Edinburgh. The latter, which had been de-

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clining, has of late years risen like a phoenix from the ashes, and now enrolls in its list of professors the names of some of the first literary and scientific men of the age.

The *Cathedral* is a venerable Gothic pile, situated on an elevated site, having never been completely finished. It is not richly ornamented with the rich and graceful fringe and trellace work that cover those erected on the fat plains of the south. It is of large size, and the progress made in the work shews that, to accomplish their design thus far, its pious founders must have extorted many a tithe from their flock. This edifice holds a high place in the affections of the Glasgow people; and their pride is gratified by the interest it excites in visitors, as also by the associations connected with its history. An inscription was pointed out to me on the walls of the cathedral, recording the martyrdom of three young men during the Episcopalian persecution, who were hung at the market-cross for refusing to forsake the Presbyterian form of worship. The ground around is paved with tombstones; not a single inscription remains to tell the tenants of the graves below; they have been entirely effaced by the effects of time, and the passage of the crowds who walk over them. The interior is divided into two separate churches.

The *New Burial-ground* is beautifully situated on a wooded hill, from whence used to be obtained the building stone. It is laid out after the same fashion as the *Pere la Chaise*, and the cemetery at Liverpool. The example set at Paris, of converting the gloomy and desolate spaces occupied by the dead, into public promenades, has been extensively followed in Europe, and will doubtless in time become universal. The desire of retaining a place in the recollections of those who come after us, is a strongly implanted sentiment in the human breast; and in proportion as the progress of refinement in the feelings of society is developed, there is a corresponding wish on the part of the survivors, to testify by the care which they bestow upon the preservation of their remains, the veneration or love which they bore to their departed friends. The history of nations now extinct, or fallen back to their primitive state, but who had in former ages attained to a high pitch of civilization, demonstrates how invariably the respect tendered to the memory of the dead increased with the advances made in the cultivation of their intellectual endowments and social qualities. And in like manner may the various states of society that succeeded each other in Europe, before and since the dark ages, be traced in the monuments of the dead that present themselves to our notice. The *caves* or *tumuli* of the barbarians are followed by the sacred ground around christian places of worship, where the bodies were left to moulder away without the written records which characterized a later and more enlightened age; and next in the order of succession comes the rude tombstone, with its death's head and cross bones, gradually giving place to the sculptured urn overshadowed by the weeping willow, and the family vault. And now the naked field with its formal and crowded array of white marble sepulchres, has been exchanged for the picturesque hill and valley, enriched with the beauties of landscape gardening, and decked with the costly designs of the architect and sculptor. The simple stone-cutter and merry grave-digger have been forgotten. There are already Pantheons for the reception of the illustrious few, and the time is approaching, when the ambition of posthumous fame shall be only gratified by the erection of Egyptian Pyramids.

The Scotch people attach much importance to regular attendance at the interments of their friends or acquaintance, and every one removed from direct poverty, has his suit of decent black, and the indispensable weepers, expressly laid by to be used on these occasions.

While upon this subject, I may mention that, immediately after visiting the splendid cemetery alluded to above, I met the cholera-cart, with its pile of coarse deal coffins, followed by a tumultuous crowd; the men wringing their hands, women shrieking, and troops of children running about, shouting and talking with great vehemence. The horror of this spectacle was heightened by the evident intoxication of many of the mourners. A large pit had been dug for the reception of the bodies, into which they were let down, and quickly covered over by the united exertions of some half dozen laborers. Was not this a contrast to the other? The fate of the poor is a hard one, they live in misery and die in dishonor.

I now turn with pleasure from the contemplation of this cheerless subject, to the beautiful *green* on the banks of the Clyde, which is laid out in walks, shaded in some places by fine old trees, for the convenience and pleasure of the public. I was much struck with the massive and deep green foliage of the forest trees in Great Britain. The process of vegetation is slow, and long of attaining maturity, but the result fully repays the length of time that elapses. There is a beauty of proportion in the forms of the trees, which is almost unknown in this country, where the limbs are apt to shoot out into irregular and naked lines, with scanty foliage. And in truth, this tendency to elongage is not confined to the vegetable world, but exercises its influence on the human race, as may be seen among the inhabitants of the green hills of Vermont. But to return from this digression. The green is bounded at one extremity by the court-house, a very pretty building. In the centre stands a plain obelisk, erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. And a handsome new bridge spans the stream, which at this place is not much wider than a ship canal, the resemblance to which is increased by its embankments of solid mason work. The Clyde is a small stream, and towards its mouth possesses beauties of an uncommon kind, to make up for its deficiency in size. The reader will be surprised to learn that the epithet of "noble and magnificent river" is bestowed upon it by the inhabitants of this country, and is equally applied to every part of it, even to the part which so much resembles a ship canal. And when these magniloquent terms were uttered within my hearing, being unwilling to dissent in words to the praises thus proffered, from the fear of shocking the feelings of people, who identified their honor with that of their river, I used to think of the St. Lawrence, and shrug my shoulders. The day I visited the green, it was strewn over with clothes bleaching on the grass. And among the thousands of females who were at work, some dancing in tubs, and others wringing the newly washed linen, I discovered not a few who possessed the females charms extolled in the old song of "Sweet Kitty of the Clyde."

The Glasgow inhabitants have the character of being hospitable to strangers, and of possessing the plain and frank manners natural to those who are not yet conversant with the artificial customs originating in the long enjoyment of leisure and wealth.

Original characters are often met with in travelling, and happened to form an acquaintance of short standing with two persons, whose peculiarities were

very amusing. While breakfasting in company with a wealthy old English grazier, who was, as he afterwards told me, a great friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, a gentleman apparently in the highest flow of spirits, burst in the room, and ran up to his three little sons, who were at breakfast with their tutor, and having embraced them, he took his place at our table. As soon as he was seated, he called for the largest teapot they could give him, and then proceeded to pull out of the pocket of his coat a great brown paper bag, containing balm leaves, a handful of which he thrust into the pot. His appearance was grotesque in the extreme; his shooting jacket and vest were of coarse black bombazette, and his legs were thrust into a pair of immense riding boots. He was spare in person, and his countenance was handsome, and as I thought, denoted a slight tincture of insanity. The grazier, who was a plain spoken and vulgar sort of man, after eyeing our new friend's proceedings for sometime with great attention, ventured to make a casual remark, which called forth the following dialogue:

"This tea is my greatest delight when at home. There I sit over it with a book in my hand till twelve o'clock; but now I'm much afraid that I have not more than ten minutes to enjoy it. Hark! I hear the horses!"

"You're very moderate in your desires. You h'ought to get a reward from the temperance society, ha! ha!"

"Sir!" retorted the gentleman, looking hard at the gloriously red and weather-beaten phiz of the other; "Nothing stronger than this ever goes down my throat. My head is always as clear as a bell, sir, (cracked bell thought I.) Never muddled, sir. If every one pursued the same regimen as I do, it would be far better for them, and there would be less of cholera."

The old gentleman, who was much disconcerted at the marked manner and steady gaze accompanying the answer he received, after a pause, inquired whether he alluded to anybody present.

"Oh dear, no! How could I? There are drunkards in the north, south, east, and west. It is the way of the world. Now this, sir, is my beverage; only smell it, and tell me whether there is any thing half so delightful?"

"No, sir," replied the grazier with honest indignation, "I can't say that it is delightful. It is rather too hodiferous to please my taste. But I'll tell you what you hought to do; you should put some rue and tansy amongst it, and perhaps they might improve the flavor."

"There is too much *rue and tansy* in the world to make me relish it in my tea, so I shall not follow your advice." This silenced the good old grazier, and we made a simultaneous move from the table; but the waiter informed the gentleman that the coach was not to leave for an hour, which intelligence was received in good part by him, and in a trice he was reseated at the table.

The grazier was my companion to Edinburgh. We sat next each other, and held a pleasant conversation respecting the eccentric creature we had left behind. One of the passengers, an Oxonian, with mustachios, and a lighted segar in his mouth, persuaded the coachmen to deliver up the reins to him; and he discovered his want of experience by frequently driving out of the straight line of the road. These proceedings on the part of the Jehu, called forth a number of sapient and caustic remarks from my old friend. And his ire, which had been bottling for sometime, was suddenly ignited by the



whip snapping across his face. "I say, you sir! Mr. Coachman! you'll have to buy me a glass heye when we get to Edinburgh."

On our arrival at Edinburgh, I parted with my companion at the head of a street leading to the Grass-market, where he was going to meet the Et-trick Shepherd, who, he said, "was no lover of balm tea."

[For the Zodiac.]

#### MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE.

A volume bearing upon its title page the imprint of American publishers, and yet printed in London, is certainly a curiosity, but it is still more so when it proves to be the production of an American, which not having met with a very favorable reception in its native land, has, at the suggestion of England's Laureate, been presented to that country in the expectation that it would be there rightly appreciated. And yet such is the volume before me. The readers of that remarkable book, "The Doctor," will remember a beautiful quotation from Zophiel, of which the author remarks, "So sings Maria del Occidente, the most impassioned and imaginative of all poetesses." But few of them probably knew that the poetess so quoted and praised, was an American. Blackwood's Magazine, in the article entitled "The Doctor—Dose the Second," gives the following information from Mr. Kettell's Specimens of American Poetry, that Zophiel was the production of Mrs. Mary A. Brooks, a native of Medford, in Massachusetts, and its first canto was published in Boston, in 1825; that after an examination of it, and learning that it did not succeed in this, the native country of the writer, Mr. Southey wrote her a letter, requesting that the subsequent cantos might be published in England, and offering to superintend their introduction to the public, and then draws thence the inference, that "The Doctor" was written by Southey.\* The volume now before me contains the six cantos of Zophiel, with the name of Maria del Occidente as the author. From the notes, it appears to have been composed in Cuba, and the notes, "Written some in Cuba, some in Canada, some at Hanover, U. S., some at Paris, and the last at Keswick, England, under the kind encouragement of Robert Southey, Esq., and near a window which overlooks the beautiful lake Derwent, and the finest group of those mountains, which encircle completely that charming valley, where the Greta winds over its bed of clear pebbles, looking as clear as dew."

It is not my object to attempt a criticism of this poem, but simply by reprinting a few extracts to bring before the readers of the Zodiac, a poem that must occupy an important place in any collection of American Poetry.

Here is a passage of exquisite beauty:

And yet despite of all, the starting tear,  
The melting tone, the blood suffusive proved,  
The soul that in them spoke, could spurn at fear  
Of death or danger, and had those she loved  
Required it at their need, she could have stood,  
Unmoved, as some fair-sculptured statue, while  
The dome that guards it, earth's convulsions rude  
Are shivering, meeting ruin with a smile.  
And this at intervals in language bright,

\* A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, has, in giving this information, gone beyond Blackwood, and asserts that this was not done, and that probably the existence of 'Zophiel' is known to scarce a man in England, save 'the most bookful of Laureates,'—did this writer know that the extract he quotes was from the 6th canto? or did he infer its non-acceptance from the article in Blackwood?

Told her blue eyes; though oft the tender lid  
Drooped like a noon-day lily, languid, white—  
And trembling all save love and lustre hid.  
Then, as young Christian bard had sung, they  
seemed

Like some Madonna in his soul, so sainted;  
But opening in their energy, they beamed  
As tasteful Grecians their Minerva painted.  
While o'er her graceful shoulders richly swell,  
Silky as those on little children seen,  
Yet thick as Indian fleece her ringlets fell,  
Nor owned Pactolus' sands a brighter sheen.

The sixth of Egla's bridegrooms has been killed  
as he approaches the nuptial couch, and the eusu-  
ing scene is described as follows:—

—Then burst

Her grief thus from her inmost heart that bleeds:  
"Nay, finish! fiend, unpitying and accurst!  
Finish, and rid me too, of life, and of thy deeds!"

She hid her face in both her hands: and when,  
At length look'd out, a form was bending o'er  
The good, the beauteous boy. With piteous ken  
It sought her eye, but still to speak forebore.

A deep unutterable anguish kept  
The silence long;—then, from his inmost breast,  
The spirit spoke—"Oh! were I him so wept,  
Daughter of earth, I tell thee I were blest;

"Couldst thou conceive but half the pain I bear,  
Or agent of what good I fain would be,  
I had not added to my deep despair  
And heavy curse, another curse—from thee.

"I've lov'd the youth: since first to this vile court  
I followed thee from the deserted cave:—  
I saw him—in thy arms—and did not hurt;  
What could I more?—alas! I could not save!

"He died of love; or the o'er-perfect joy  
Of being pitied—prayed for—prest by thee:  
Oh! for the fates of that devoted boy,  
I'd sell my birthright to eternity."

Night and its descriptions are favorite themes for  
the poet, and yet the following may be compared  
to many, without presumption:—

'Tis now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,  
The hour of melancholy; Night, as vain  
Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,  
That all may look upon her ere it wane.

The heavenly angel watch'd his subjects star,  
O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling;  
The sighs of wounded love he hears from far;  
Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope be-  
guiling.

The nether earth looks beauteous as a gem;  
High o'er her groves in floods of moonlight laving,  
The towering palm displays her silver stem,  
The while his plummy leaves scarce in the breeze  
are waving.

The nightingale among his roses sleeps;  
The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping;  
The dark-green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,  
And every odorous spike in limpid dew is steep-  
ing.

Proud prickly circa, now thy blossom 'scapes  
Its cell; brief cup of light; and seems to say,  
"I am not for gross mortals: blood of grapes—  
And sleep for them! come spirits while ye may!"

I had marked several other passages, but appre-  
hend that I have already occupied more space than  
perhaps you may think proper to afford me, and I  
will therefore only add the hope, that if an Ameri-  
can edition of this beautiful poem has not already  
appeared, that it will be given to us in as beautiful  
a form as that from which I have copied. L.

#### A SOBER STATEMENT OF HUMAN LIFE, OR THE TRUE MEDIUM.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;  
The net that holds not great, takes little fish:  
In some things all, in all things none are crost;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish:  
Unmingled joys to no one here befall;  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.  
Coleridge.

#### THE BELL OF ARRAGON,

A fragment of Collins, completed by Dr. Nathan  
Drake.

I.

The bell of Arragon, they say,  
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day,  
When, as its tones peal wild and high,  
Ibena's Kings are doom'd to die.

II.

Whatever dark, ærial power  
Commissioned, haunts the gloomy tower,  
So deep the spell, each starts with fear,  
That strange unearthly sound to hear.

III.

O'er me, when death his arm hath flung,  
May no such awful knell be rung;  
But, breathing wild a last farewell,  
Toll sad, yet sweet, some simple bell!

Mornings in Spring.

#### DECEMBER.

The Meteorological Table for this month, not  
having reached us in time for this number, we  
merely give the results:—

##### Results—External Thermometer.

Mean of first half of the month,..... 31°37

Mean of second half,..... 21.02

Mean of the whole month,..... 26.19

Weather.—Fair days 18; cloudy 13; rain on 3  
days; snow on 2 days; rain and snow on 2 days.—  
Rain gage 4 18.100 inches.

Highest deg. 48°; lowest -2°; greatest monthly  
range 50°.

Winds.—North 1 days; north-east 4; east 1;  
south-east 1½; south 6½; south-west 3; west 2½;  
north-west 12. Prevailing wind north-west.

Warmest day 10th; coldest day 30th.

Mean of Barometer, corrected for capillarity and  
reduced to 32°.

Morning,..... 30.178 inches

Evening,..... 30.159 do.

Maximum,..... 30.69 do.

Minimum,..... 29.20 do.

Monthly range,..... 1.49 do.

Owing to an accident which deprived me of the  
use of the Hygrometer during the greater part of  
the month, sufficient observations upon the Dew-  
Point were not made to authorize the calculation of  
the mean.

#### THE ZODIAC,

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per cent, on all monies remitted free of postage.

The post-master general has decided, that this paper  
is subject to newspaper postage only: one cent to any  
part of this state, or 100 miles or less out of this state;  
one and a half cents for over 100 miles.

In compliance with the request of many of our sub-  
scribers, the present number appears without a cover.  
This alteration will, as respects postage, change the  
character of the Zodiac, from a periodical of two sheets  
to a newspaper, and at once reduce that expense one-  
half.

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